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ARISTOTLE AND SHAKESPEARE.

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COMMON observation teaches us to remark that that divine faculty, that exalted condition of the human mind, which is known to us as *genius*, belongs exclusively to no age or climate; its glorious rays are found at intervals, from the earliest recorded period of the world's history, even down to our own times, breaking in upon the darkness of ignorance or superstition, and shedding its pure effulgence upon truths too long concealed. It is a bright spark of Promethean fire that is intermingled with the clay of few, and the course of such men is towering and majestic as the eagle, or blazing and irregular as the comet. It seems to confer upon the professor the power of discovering, by a kind of intuitive perception, such things as are concealed from the eye of common understanding, and of arriving by a rapidity of mental deduction peculiar to itself, at results which are as startling as they are unimpeachable. Amongst the men to whom the common judgment of the world has conceded this faculty, the name of our own poet, which stands at the head of this article, takes no inconsiderable place. If, indeed, the quality of genius be correctly defined as that "native and radical power of discovering something new or uncommon in every subject on which it employs itself," there is no name possibly in the literary records of the world which should be entitled to take a higher place than that of Shakespeare.

The genius which he possessed was of the highest order; it was *original*. Under the influence of this powerful load-star, the loftiest conceptions of the human mind were begotten and produced with an ease and skill, to which an ordinary power of intellect, even after a life of the severest discipline, might have been a stranger. He appears, as it were, to play with thoughts and words as a clever and dexterous juggler is seen to handle the brazen balls: they are familiar, ready, and perfectly under control. It is not easy to comprehend so singular an attribute of the human mind, nor can we fathom the process by which results, under ordinary circumstances arrived at only by great labour, observation, and perseverance, are thus intuitively attained. That they are so attained, however, is manifest to such as have undertaken the labour of comparing the relative or abstract truths contained in the writings of our great poet with the elaborate philosophical deductions of one of the most anxious and careful observers of the ethical characteristics of mankind the world has ever produced. Genius has not, universally, been conceded to the philosopher of Stagira; but it must be allowed that if he has been deficient in the imaginative faculty of the mind, he has made up for it in the extent of his researches, in the severity of his discipline, and in his singular love of truth; he has shown that little genius, matured with great application, is nearly, or quite, equal to great genius without any such external assistance. On this account, therefore, it is, that in the following pages it has been thought convenient to bring into immediate comparison the writings of these two great men, Aristotle

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and Shakespeare; so that by illustrating one by the other, we shall, to a certain extent, be enabled to ascertain how far Aristotle was a poet, and how far Shakespeare was a philosopher.

In carrying out the object we have in view, we shall for the present confine our attention to the respective theories of the two immortal writers, as far as they have reference to that virtuous sentiment, that "flower of heavenly seed," FRIENDSHIP. This is the course we have chosen to adopt, for two reasons; first, because it is not possible, or even advisable if it were possible, to use the abundant materials we have before us in the limited space allotted to a single article; and secondly, because by selecting one subject alone for our consideration, we may succeed in eliciting the more clearly the point for which we are striving, and in rendering the subject more attractive to the general reader.

It should be borne in mind that from the time of Aristotle to that of Shakespeare, more than twenty centuries have elapsed, and that during this vast space of time, an entire change has been wrought in the moral and political position, not only of a single nation, but of the whole world. Obscured in all the mysteries of Paganism, the sublimed of the Greek philosopher strove to break through the veil of ignorance in which the senses of his countrymen, in common with the whole of mankind, were enwrapped; and he established a system of theology, founded, as far as human reason and the nature of the subject would allow, upon deductions derived from metaphysical demonstration. His principles of moral philosophy, in the absence of Christianity, were the surest and best for enforcing rectitude on those who received instruction at his hands: they were unmingled with Pythagorean fables, and pantheistical symbols, and were designed to create the really good and wise man. Yet, as the offspring of a Pagan mind, they taught virtue as a practical good only, and as it had reference to the general condition and improvement of society; indeed, the entire discipline of this philosopher was based upon the *το καλον*, the honourable, a principle which predominates throughout his exoteric and esoteric or acroamatic systems.

It is not possible to contemplate so vast an effort for the regeneration, as it were, of the human mind, without being struck with astonishment at the power, the depth, the perseverance of that individual intellect which could dare to stand forth, alone and unaided, with the fate of his great prototype Socrates before his eyes, in opposition to the gross superstition, to the national prejudice, and to the moral corruptness which at that time swayed and vitiated the republic of Athens. Yet Aristotle stood in the post of danger for the cause of truth; he laboured incessantly to beat down the barriers of popular abuse, and to raise his countrymen to a position more worthy of themselves and of the great men who had striven to inculcate sound philosophy amongst them. His entire teaching was directed to the glorious object of establishing a code of morals, justice, and political economy, founded upon, and appealing to reason, for its existence and support. A deep and accurate observer of human nature, and a careful scrutiniser of his own heart, he, more than any other man then living, was best fitted to undertake the important labours of revolutionising the prevailing feelings and opinions of mankind, and of establishing a system of discipline, social and political, which was calculated to impart a healthy tone to the character of the existing age, and to serve as a model from which all subsequent systems of philosophy were afterwards to originate. Thus much of the man. As regards his writings, it is sufficient to observe that they were designed by an extensive course of literature and science so to train the mind as to make it the instrument of enjoyment and happiness. "The inquiries embraced in those writings," observes a learned writer, "the unwearied research into subjects the most repulsive from their abstruseness, or the most interesting from their connexion with the feelings and actions of man; the richness of illustration from the volumes of ancient genius and observation of mankind with which they abound, are so many proofs of the noble objects proposed in his philosophy. It may be fully concluded that it was not the mere sophist of

former days, or the disputant on any given question that Aristotle aimed to accomplish, but the really wise man; by cultivating all the moral and intellectual powers of the soul, in order that the moral of the whole—the good to which the constitution of nature tends—might be realised in each individual man so instructed and disciplined." Like the divine Socrates he sought to make men sensible of their individual responsibility, and to teach them that true happiness issued not from the gratification of sensual passions, and the indulgence of gross pleasures, but from the exercise of the thinking faculty, from the practice of virtue, and the constant worship and adoration of the Deity. He followed to a great extent the doctrines of Socrates, and improved upon or enlarged the philosophical researches of the great master. "The *dicta* of Socrates," says he, "have a vastness, and an exquisiteness, and an originality, and a penetration;" but, he adds—"that all his observations should be just, is more than could be expected from man."

Of the characteristics of Aristotle, not the least striking is his wonderful knowledge of human nature, which is abundantly apparent in almost every page of his philosophical writings. The great book of the world is not closed to the persevering student; or, as it is more forcibly and elegantly expressed by Goethe:—

"Die Geisterwelt ist nicht verschlossen
Dein Sinn ist zu, dein Herz ist todt!
Auf, bade, Schüler unverdrossen
Die ird' sebe Brust im Morgenroth."

From a careful observation of the feelings, passions, and actions of men, he was enabled to speculate with precision on their causes, effects, combinations, and influences, and to follow the wanderings of the human mind through all its entanglements with external circumstances, up to the very secret spring of thought. By the constant exercise of the analytical power of the mind, his philosophical deductions naturally acquired a proportionate amount of truth and precision; and, as far as they have reference to man, they are found to be more generally correct, and therefore possess greater weight, than those which have been handed down to us by any other writer amongst the ancient philosophers.

Of great and contemplative minds the study of mankind seems to be a distinctive mark: it is a study which is devoted to the contemplation of the "marvel of marvels," as Plato expresses it; to "the abridgment and epitome of the world," as Pliny; to "the principal and mighty work of God, the wonder of Nature," as Zoroaster. Our own poet also says, correctly, that

"The noblest study of mankind is man."

It is not surprising, therefore, that we should find, both in the writings of Aristotle and Shakespeare, a very frequent delineation of the innate characteristics and psychological peculiarities which belong exclusively to the human race; nor is it wonderful that, in reference to the same subject, there should exist a marked coincidence of ideas, and a singular identity of deduction. It must be borne in mind, however, that how close soever this analogy may appear, we have no sufficient reason for believing that the elegant poetical ideas of our immortal bard were either based upon or borrowed from the terse prose of the Greek philosopher. On the contrary, it may be safely inferred from the little we know of the early life of Shakespeare, that beyond the merest rudimentary learning gleaned in a short attendance upon a grammar-school, the poet was altogether ignorant of the learned languages; and that, if any English translations of the works of Aristotle were in existence, they were too rare and too expensive to be placed within the reach of a young man in his condition, and whose life was for many years devoted rather to laborious occupations than to the study of abstruse authors, perused in the uninterrupted enjoyment of learned leisure. There is, however, in both Aristotle and Shakespeare the same inspiring spirit of inquiry, the same desire to unfold the hidden mysteries of man, and the same love of nature, in the one as in the other; and it now becomes our business to inquire to

what extent the similarity of thought—traceable in many instances throughout the writings of these two great men,—may have led, by formal deduction on the one side, and by rapid and almost intuitive comprehension on the other, to similar conclusions in both.

Friendship is one of the moral virtues, or a sentiment intimately connected with the morals; since friendship, if not a particular virtue, at least shines most conspicuously in the virtuous, *ἐστὶ γὰρ ἀρετῇ τις ἢ μετ'ἀρετῆς*. The Stagirite divides it into three kinds—namely, that which proceeds from goodness, from pleasure, and from profit. The first is stable, because such men love each other for their virtues: the second is instable, because the sentiment can exist so long only as the object for which it sought exists: the third is not only instable, but it is mean and despicable, it proceeds from sordid motives, and it is bound up with personal profit. The only perfect friendship, then, can subsist between those who resemble each other in virtue; because those who love their friends for their virtue love them for what is not a temporary appendage, but a permanent essential in their characters. The worth of a virtuous friend is not relative to circumstances, but universal and absolute, comprehending both pleasure and utility, and uniting all those qualities which either produce friendship or render it unalterable; but his inestimable value cannot be fairly appreciated except by those who are his rivals in moral and intellectual excellence; for men delight chiefly in those qualities which resemble their own. Such friendships are rare, because virtuous men are rare; and even they cannot perfectly know each other until, according to the proverb, they have “consumed many bushels of salt together.” Moreover, in order that friendships may be true and lasting, it is requisite that there should be an equality of conditions; but this may have its limits; as that, for example, which subsists between father and son, husbands and wives, governor and people. But these are severally different one from the other; as regards the last, however, it seems more than any other to be united with justice, because when a partnership or connexion exists, justice and friendship seem to belong to the same persons and to be conversant about the same things. Thus Aristotle says, “they are both found in every community or partnership, even among those who sail in the same vessel, and those who fight under the same standard; and in proportion to the closeness of partnership or community the more closely and intimately is the friendship cemented.” A fine illustration of the foregoing passage occurs in the noble and spirited address of Henry V. to his soldiers previously to the battle of Agincourt, and in reply to a wish expressed by his cousin Westmoreland for “more men from England.” The King exclaims—

“We few—we happy few—we band of brothers,
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he n'er so vile
This day shall gentle ! is condition;
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's-day.”

The same idea is here distinctly traceable in both writers. If communities inspire friendships, more especially will they do so when a common danger waits upon the members of which it is composed. The poet, therefore, with great propriety represents the king, while encouraging the brave warriors by whom he was surrounded, before the commencement of the desperate and bloody fight, speaking in language at once indicative of the hazardous nature of the enterprise, and of the high estimation in which he will hold those who consent to share it with him—“We band of brothers;” as though he would say our success depends upon our mutual assistance, the same stake is risked by all, therefore, “he to-day that sheds his blood with me shall be my brother.”

Distinctions of rank die in adversity, and we become “brothers,” with the poorest hind whose fate is commingled with our own.

As an instance of another similarity, wherein a species of friendship arises from utility, we find it stated by Aristotle (*Rhet. II., 4. 7.*) that "we are disposed to good-will towards those who hate the same persons we hate, or who are hated by them." In order to illustrate the above aphorism from the writings of the English dramatist, we select the angry exclamation of Hotspur, (*K. Hen. IV. Pt. I., Act. 1. Sc. 3.*), that outburst of passion, after his fiery nature had been aroused by the "subtle King," the "ingrate and pampered Bolingbroke." When in the very whirlwind of his passion, the poet places him precisely in that condition of mind indicated by Aristotle. He says—

"All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke,
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale!"

Were it not that Hotspur thought the roystering heir to the throne of England a curse to the usurping king his father, "who would be glad he met with some mischance," the irate Percy would have the youth poisoned: as it is, he shall live; and the fierce Hotspur is even content to make common cause with him against one whom he deems henceforth their common enemy.

The good of the person hated or hated by the object of our aversion, seems, as the philosopher says, to coincide with our own; "so that the desire of the one supplies that of the other, which agrees with the definition of friendship."

Again: friendship founded on utility, or self-interest, can never be of long continuance, nor can it ever produce mutual reliance and attachment. With such persons the one absorbing motive is the *τὸ χρησιμὸν*, to which all others are made subservient. If, therefore, such predominating and secret impulse be made the *incitamentum* to, and the basis of, the connexion, all feelings of true friendship must for ever remain in abeyance.

In the following passage, taken from the *Nichomachean Ethics*, (*viii. 4.*) we are warned of the instability of friendships resulting from sordid motives, which in nearly every instance, if they do not eventually bring disgrace and dishonour upon the individuals, at least in no wise contribute to their happiness or comfort. "Friendships founded on the love of gain are of all the most unstable, for persons governed by this principle are not friends to each other, but to their respective interests." In the play of *Timon of Athens* we have an example of a luxurious and prodigal man, driven to an inveterate state of misanthropy by the treacherous sycophancy of a rascal rout upon whom he had been accustomed to look with eyes of favour; men who, like insatiate hounds, had lapped his blood, and by tasting it had become more eager for the chase. In them, there was that "lack of kindly warmth" and such a cankered heart, that the sharpest exigences of the victim they help to ruin were but as matter for a passing jest, or toys to play withal:—

"Tim. Go you, sir, (to another servant) to the Senators
(Of whom, even to the State's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing) bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
For that I knew it the most general way
To them, to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? Can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wretch—would all were well—'tis pity!

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nod,
They froze me into silence."

The deep and base ingratitude here exhibited, upset the very seat of reason. Timon, the splendid, the lavish Timon, who in the plenitude of his power says—

"Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary."

is now by those same friends driven into voluntary exile; not that most noble Timon, that incomparable man, who was wont to dispense his princely bounty to all around him,—but a wretched maniac, the victim of foul ingratitude—a hater of himself, of Athens, of the world. When without the walls of the treacherous city, he turns to contemplate the scene of his former pomp and splendour; and wrought to a pitch of fury by the bitterness of feeling, in remembering what he once was, and what he now is, he, in the intensity of his hatred, gives utterance to that curse, which in its scope, and in its withering condemnation exceeds aught else that ever issued from the mouth of man.

"——— breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison."

The fate of Timon, then, in Shakespeare, may be considered as a fair illustration of the axiom of the Stagirite, that "friendships founded on the love of gain are of all the most unstable." Friendship cannot be purchased; such a conception is false and unphilosophical; neither love nor friendship are to be obtained by gold, although when possessed, both may be strengthened by its influence. In persons of inferior rank, for example, well-applied pecuniary assistance tends to inspire towards the individual by whose bounty their temporary distresses have been relieved, feelings of reverence and respect. In those, however, who belong to the higher walks of life, it is very much to be doubted whether a conferred obligation, which circumstances may not enable them to expunge, is not a barrier to real friendship where it did not previously exist, and very likely in the opposite case to beget such an estrangement as if not utterly to obliterate the sentiment, at least to so weaken it, as to render it scarcely worthy of the name. This is confirmed by daily experience. There are few, we imagine, who have not observed to their infinite disgust, that former friends being laid under any real or supposed obligation, depart like swallows at the end of summer. It is remarked with great terseness also by Shakespeare, who says—

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend."

In order to preserve, therefore, this virtuous sentiment in its proper purity, and comeliness, it is evident that all desire to make it subservient to our own selfish interest, to use it as a means of personal aggrandisement—to base it, in short, upon the *τὸ χρέος* must be carefully excluded from the mind; such motives must form no part of the incitement to the sentiment or of the foundation upon which it rests.

It is laid down by Aristotle, as we have already shown, that there is only one form of friendship which is real, only one bond of union which is firm and indissoluble, and it is that which is based solely on virtue and moral excellence. "The friendship of good men alone is imperishable," says the philosopher; and again, "good men love each other on their own account." As embodying to the full extent the same idea, we quote from Hamlet (Act III. Scene 2.) the generous tribute of affection the Prince of Denmark pays to his friend Horatio. The poet here seems to have possessed a true, yet intuitive conception of the value of the Aristotelian doctrine as it has reference to such a connexion between two persons, whose social rank would, under ordinary circumstances,

prove an insurmountable barrier to a union of thought, or to a similarity of taste and feeling. One is "born to greatness," and is heir to a crown; the other is a soldier of fortune, having no rank but such as honour gives, no hope of reward but what his sword will acquire. Without some unusual bond of union, a friendship between such individuals could not exist in conjunction with motives, either of utility on the one side, or of personal advantage on the other; for in that case, the first would be nothing more than a condescending tyrant, nor the second, than a cringing slave. As there could be no equality in rank or feeling, so there could be no trust reciprocated; suspicion would haunt the one, and doubt the other, until the temporary connexion, worn out by the disappointment, or attainment of the object sought, was as violently disrupted at its termination as it was hastily entered into at its commencement. The poet, therefore, with a soundness of philosophy equal to that of the great philosopher from whose writings we have quoted, represents the friendship of Hamlet and Horatio to be based on feelings and sentiments of the highest order: it is a connexion cemented by virtue, and as such it is pure, lasting, and sincere. "Horatio," says the Prince,

"Thou art e'en as just a man

As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O, my good lord!—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;

For what advancement may I hope from thee

That no reverence hast but thy good spirits

To clothe and feed thee? Why should the poor be flattered?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee

Where theft may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,

And could of men distinguish, her election

Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been

As one, in suffering all that suffers nothing,

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards

Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger

To sound what stop she please; give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,

As I do thee."

In Hamlet and Horatio, an instance is afforded of a firm, noble, and uniform friendship, which not only exists throughout life, but shines forth in the very agony of death itself. When the poison is preying upon his vitals, Hamlet bequeathes to his trusty friend the duty of defending an injured reputation from the aspersions of the world:—

"——— Horatio, I am dead:

Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hor.

Never believe it;

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:

Here's yet some liquor left."

What a lofty nobleness of soul is here displayed! Like another Orestes and Pylades one would die for the other; but since both may not live Horatio prefers rather to become the fellow traveller of his friend to the dark regions of the unknown world than to exist and lament his loss. Tearing the poisoned cup from his lips, Hamlet thus supplicates:—

"If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart

Absent thou from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story."

Thus solicited, his selfish recklessness is forgotten, and he is content to live to defend from calumny the name of him he holds most dear. Horatio's benison on the departing soul of Hamlet is one of those beautiful and affecting expressions of exalted feeling which can alone issue from a sensitive and highly poetic mind—from such a mind, indeed, as that of Shakespeare.

"Now cracks a noble heart ;—good night, sweet prince ;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !"

The preceding quotations from the two writers above named having sufficiently, at least for our present purposes, illustrated the singular coincidences in the deductions of both ; it remains only to observe that the same analogy may be traced in all their philosophical speculations of which man is the subject, and sound reason the object ; it is a coincidence which, singular as it may appear, can be accounted for on no other ground, than those we have before stated ; and while from it we may observe that there are some things which cannot escape the grasp of genius, we derive at the same time the knowledge that the native faculties of the mind of man, as an ordinary being, are capable of such extension and growth, as to become by cultivation almost equal to the highest flights of that natural and divine condition of the soul which belongs to those who are gifted, not as men, but as gods. But other things there are which altogether exceed the capabilities of an ordinary understanding—things indeed which genius produces without much labour, but which labour without genius never could produce. Shakespeare might be Aristotle ; but Aristotle never could be Shakespeare.

TO ———.

Thy spirit to my spirit bends,
Subdued by the impassioned truth,
The energy divine, that lends
An immortality of youth
To love like mine.

Vainly thy manhood would rebel,
Stronger than death, the angel will
Of deep affection—woman's spell !
Enchains thy every feeling still,
To love like mine.

Thus, in the tempest's mighty hour,
The trembling moon enthralled the waves,
Submissive to her magnet power,
As thy wild pulses yield them slaves
To love like mine.

THE "GENTLEMAN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR."

By FANNY E. LACY.

"Hence! horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery—hence!"—*Macbeth*.

"Was there ever such an unlucky accident!"

"Well, it might have been much worse."

"Oh! certainly; I might have been burned to death. Why, if it had not been for my man Beauton coming in accidentally with the large travelling cloak, and enveloping my head so closely—eh, Beauton?"

"Ah! *quel horreur!*" replied the French valet. "I can assure you, sare, I was quite frightful ven I vas see you upon your ed in de fire—*Mais*, sare, your ed vas so thick!" added the obsequious Frenchman, bowing low.

"Ha! ha! ha!" burst forth the friend who had just called in. "You mean your master's *hair*, Mr. Beauton, it is to be hoped; or else your compliment is somewhat dubious. But, my dear fellow, how did the accident happen? Why your head is positively like an old scrubbing-brush; not one Hyperion is there left for the 'front of Jove himself,' or even the vanity of a promising young man, accustomed to view his 'mould of form,' as the most approved 'glass of fashion,' of modern day. How—how, *did* it happen?"

"Why, really," faltered the yet bewildered young man, "I can scarcely say, I am sure: but you know how near-sighted I am, and having just received a letter from my father—"

"What, upon the old topic, I suppose?"

"My advancement at the bar? Why, yes, of course. You must be aware how infinitely he has it at heart; and you'll allow I am not slack in keeping pace with his endeavour to forward my interest in that particular, Frank."

"No, no, Tim; good boy, dutiful son, industrious young man, and all that," replied his lively friend. But still there you sit, with that truly melancholy head of yours, and don't tell me how—"

"That's just what I was going to explain. As I just now observed, I am so remarkably near-sighted; and was as usual, looking so close to the paper, holding the candle also, to assist me in deciphering the—"

"Ay, ay, I see, I see."

"That was precisely what I did *not*; and so this most unlucky accident was the consequence: just now, particularly so—as I think you will admit, when I tell you that my father has received from his old and valued friend, Lord Markall, so distinguished at the bar, a most cordial assurance to forward my interests in that channel. The fact is, they were school-mates, brother collegians; and have reached their present respectable term, to find the attachment of boyhood still unchanged: though his lordship seems to be remarkably strict upon some matters; and indeed, rather peculiar, it strikes me, in a few of his notions. Only listen. This is an extract my father makes from his letter:—'Be assured, my dear friend, that the account you have given of your only son affords me infinite satisfaction, as being a matter of congratulation for yourself. I mean to introduce him everywhere as my favourite *protégé*, and shall make a point of 'taking him by the hand,' as it is termed, in every sense. In our youthful days, you may remember how you used to rally me upon being so much of a Chesterfield, with regard to personal appearance; and I must say that I hope this son of yours is, for his own sake, also particular, and duly attentive upon this subject; for I assure you, that I still retain many of my

favourite notions, appertaining to days long gone by, with both of us, my old friend; particularly as to dress, which I always think in some degree characteristic of the wearer; and that even the arrangement of a man's hair, may sometimes elicit volumes."

"Nothing could have been more unfortunately timed than this accident," observed the youth of the shorn locks, "for here his lordship concludes with an appointment to dine with him to-morrow alone; that he may discuss and advise, respecting my future plans and prospects. My kind anxious father entreats that I will be punctual; and be sure to humour his old friend, by correctness in my dress, general personal appearance, &c. So now, what on earth am I to do with my unlucky head, Frank?"

The situation of affairs being sufficiently manifest, it remains only to state that Mr. Timothy Headfort was a young gentleman who, in a general sense, might be termed unexceptionable; being tolerably good looking, rather talented, and exceedingly unassuming and industrious, in the profession marked out for him. His being remarkably near-sighted was, as the source of an occasional blunder, a drawback reverting only on himself, which he usually managed to laugh off, without deviating from his aristocratic self-possession. Frank Hilary was simply a light-hearted young man, in easy circumstances; very good natured, and duly respecting the talents and steadiness, that seemed to him quite unapproachable.

"What *am* I to do, Frank?" repeated he of the singed head.

"Um—" replied his friend, thoughtfully; "one thing is clear, you must get your head shaved!"

"Shaved!" repeated the alarmed youth, "and appear before his lordship with a bald head at my years? 'twill be such a mark of disrespect."

"I certainly don't propose any such thing, Tim," replied his friend. "If you will only listen to me, I propose——"

"Well?"

"That you wear——"

"Ah! I guess; I know what you mean now; but it's of no use, Frank; you are aware of my objection—my horror of wearing——"

"What now?"

"Why a—, a—in short, of wearing a wig."

"If you will but hear me," replied Frank. "In the first place, I said nothing about your wearing a wig. What I propose is——"

"The Gentleman's real head of hair."

"Yes, my dear fellow," observed the lachrymose youth; "but you know I happen to be a gentleman that has just lost his real head of hair."

"Well then, for that very reason, you must be content to wear that of another gentleman. But to be serious now; I really mean what I say. I mean a—a peruke, a 'ventilating peruke, without silk or sewing;'"

"I assure you, sir, there's no such thing as a wig anywhere, sir; and——"

"Oh! nonsense, Frank, it is a wig; and you know very well I never could bear the idea."

"Very well, my dear fellow; then send an apology to your noble patron."

"Oh, Frank!"

"Then present him a shining bald head!"

"Ridiculous!"

"Then wear the 'gentleman's real head of hair.' Come, come, Tim, you have no alternative; so be persuaded; let your man, there, step to the next street, there's a shop of the kind there I think, or somewhere close at hand; let him order an assortment here to-morrow, for your inspection; and I will be here to assist your choice, as you're such a blind blinker. By the bye, why don't you wear near-sighted spectacles? they would save you from many a ridiculous blunder. You perceive what a scrape you've just got into, by not wearing them. Well! I must go now; good night. I say, send for the 'gentleman's,' &c., do now?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the dismantled beau, as he stood thoughtfully, with his back to the fire, "I shall make myself a laughing stock: I shall look so particular—you know what I mean—*odd*."

"Nonsense! Not at all. Good night."

"Every eye upon me, you know."

"Poo! pooh! Good night. I shall be with you early to-morrow."

Whatever objections were added by Timothy Headfort, they were unheard by his lively friend, who rattling down the stairs, was soon outside of the street-door. However, after some time pondering the important subject, the tonsure was employed on the dilapidated locks; and a fashionable *perrequier* appointed with an assortment of the celebrated "feather-weight," for selection on the following morning. Meanwhile, the young sprig of law enjoyed that night but little repose—his short broken slumbers being each time fraught with some new and harrassing imagery, connected with the "gentleman's real head of hair." Sometimes he fancied his recently-shorn head to be so inundated with the famed oil of Macassar and Columbian balm, that it sprouted forth flourishingly as Birnam forest on its prophetic way to Dunsinane; and then again, 'twould seem as though the "ventilating peruke" was suddenly whisked off his cold bald head, by an unceremonious gust of wind; to sail with its "feather-weight" far—far above human ken or comprehension; and that, enveloping his wigless head in a cast-off bear skin, he was fain to fly his country, for very shame and mortification. But all this was but the "idle coinage of his brain," and morning, cheerful refreshing morning, came again at last; and punctual Frank Hilary, and the assiduous, bustling Beauton, ushering in a bowing individual, as the proprietor of the most fashionable assortment, of those tasteful and ingeniously-manufactured articles, that are not only "feather weight," but boast "transparent lace partings" that "defy detection." The puzzled Timothy appealed to his friend.

"Just give me your opinion, Frank," said he, "I'm afraid I look——*singular*, don't I now?"

"Not at all," was the encouraging reply. "You'll soon get accustomed to the——by the bye, it seems an excellent fit; and looks quite easy and gentlemanly. Eh, Beauton, don't you think it looks quite natural, and, your master quite himself again?"

"*Out, monsieur; certainement.* I am sure dat my master vas look as himself; quite——*à naturelle*," replied the civil Beauton, bowing low, and with all the complacent consciousness of having uttered a very handsome compliment.

"Very well," sighed his master, with an air of resignation; "settle for it, then, at once, Beauton."

The important affair thus concluded, a few questions were presently exchanged in a low tone between Beauton and the *perrequier*, to the effect, as it proved, that the "assortment" might be permitted to remain for a few hours, while the owner thereof was engaged with a customer residing in the neighbourhood: which being granted, he departed, leaving the "numerous and fashionable assortment" for the examination of the highly-amused Frank Hilary.

"Here's a famous choice of 'gentlemen's heads,' at any rate!" exclaimed the lively youth. "More variety than might be expected. But what comical things some of them are; what in the world can they be for? Who would wear such whimsical articles as these?"

"Pardon, sare," civilly interposed the valet, in explanation. "*Mais, de Professeur make pour le Comedie—les caractere.*"

"Ah? What, a theatrical wig-maker, is he?" replied Frank, "Ah! ha! I understand now. Upon my word! Capital!—uncommonly funny! Only look Tim; what a famous collection. This, I suppose, is for a friar—this, Pantaloon; and *this*——ha! ha! don't you remember *this*? Why this is Midas—old Justice Midas, you know?—look, with the ears—the asses' ears! see, here they are, fixed upon it to give effect, I suppose. Ha! ha! ha! funny, isn't it? I wonder how I should look in it?" And popping the burlesque upon his head,

he commenced a series of grimaces before the cheval glass, very much to his own amusement at least.

"Oh! nonsense! never mind now, Frank;" said his embarrassed friend, twitching nervously at the "Gentleman's real head of hair" triumphant o'er his brows. "I can't relish jokes now."

"Ah! that's because you're fidgety," observed the good-humoured Frank," however, it's natural enough: yet you shouldn't spoil the effect of your new head of hair, by such a dolorous countenance: and now I look at you again, you seem to me as though you had been sitting up all night; hey, Tim?"

"Well," replied Timothy, "I confess I didn't sleep very well; I was worried rather."

"Ay, ay, I thought so," said young Hilary, as he removed the Midas burlesque *tele* from his own; and threw it carelessly upon the arm of the sofa. "Now just listen to what I think a good proposition. Take a nap upon the sofa there: it will refresh you amazingly."

"What, now?" exclaimed his friend.

"No, no, not now exactly; but after you've lunched and made your toilet; forget everything for at least half an hour, in a sound nap—you'll be all the better for it, I'm certain."

"But I must take care to be punctual to his lordship's hour."

"To be sure, to be sure. Now listen. Lord Markall dines at eight, you say: he lives only in——Square; and if you'll but rely on me (and I can be steady sometimes you know), I'll be here with a cab at a quarter past seven (you had best ride, and be rather before the time, you know). So when you hear a knock at the door, you'll be all ready dressed; cab at the door—up you jump—and in you jump, eh?"

"Um," said Timothy; "Well, I can't say but you were always a good-natured fellow, Frank, and really I think I'll take your advice. What—are you going already?"

"Yes," replied his friend, "I must go now. And when I come with the cab, you musn't expect to see me, because I also have an engagement. However, you may be sure I shall look in to-night, to hear how you have prospered."

Thus saying, Frank Hilary departed; leaving the "gentleman" of the "real head of hair" rather more reconciled to existing circumstances. Matters had progressed smoothly enough, when the hour of the proposed nap had arrived; and Timothy extended on the sofa, prepared to avail himself of that luxury. In a few minutes, however, he sat erect again.

"It's of no use," said he to himself; "I cannot sleep with this thing upon my head; I really *must* take it off, if I am to get anything like sleep. I'm not used yet to it. So—there; if I lay it upon the pillow, just at my hand, I have only to slip it on my head again when I wake; and that is the work of a moment."

Such was the proceeding adopted: and a gay bandanna was substituted for the "gentleman's real head of hair," for the stipulated period. Frank Hilary proved punctual; but the hour appointed happening to be at that season when twilight is stealing on, "grim" or "grey;" "dire" or "delicious;" convenient or inconvenient, as the case may be; it was almost dark, when a loud knocking at the street-door roused Timothy Headfort from his cosy slumber. If he was nervous and fidgety before, it may be well believed that the suddenness of waking did not improve the state of his feelings. The rays of a lamp opposite shed a partial uncertain light; otherwise, the apartment was shrouded in darkness; while the voice of Frank Hilary sounded from the passage below with—

"Hallo! Tim, my boy!—time to be off!—I can't wait now; but I'll look in to-night, as I said."

This rapid speech was succeeded by a number of little taps at the room door, with,

"Depechez, monsieur, s'il vous plait; il fait bien tard. Mais J'irait pour les chandelles."

"I can't wait for candles!" exclaimed Timothy, nervously, as he rushed towards the door; before he could open which, however, a sharp current of air reminded him of his recently-shorn head. "Bless me," he continued, all confusion, "I had nearly forgotten the—a—what do they call it?—the gentleman's head—the real wig! Didn't I lay it close by me on the sofa? To be sure I did—and here it is. Faith, 'twas lucky I placed it so ready to my hand, that I might be able to slip it on again so—in a moment—even in the dark. There, there—all right: 'patent parting'—all in the right place. Punctuality is the grand thing; and really waiting for candles would be of little use to me, near-sighted as I am. Here!" he added, throwing the door open; "I'm quite ready, Beauton. Where are ye all? Why, hey-day! all in darkness! What's the matter now?"

"An accident, sir, has just happened to the passage lamp," replied a servant; "but Mr. Beauton will be here in a minute, with lights."

"Oh, never mind," replied the impatient Timothy; "I can't wait now. There, there; though it's too dark to see each other, I can see that the street door is open, and that's light enough for me."

Rushing along the darkened passage as he spoke, he was soon in the street; and, springing into the cab in waiting, the house door was instantly closed, and the driver of the vehicle, stood waiting directions which Timothy, putting his head out of the window, proceeded to impart. Now, being doubtful, perhaps, of the faithful adhesion of the hirsute honours of his head, or apprehensive of disarranging the "partings," &c., of the "gentleman's real head of hair," he had refrained from putting on his hat; and it certainly was not a little annoying to a full-dressed beau, to perceive that the man, as he listened, had his eyes fixed upon his head with a very remarkable stare; and still more so to encounter the irrepressible broad grin accompanying this unpleasant scrutiny.

"I knew it would be so," thought Timothy; as, vexed and discomfited, he threw himself back in his seat: "I said that everybody would stare at me so, if I wore a wig—call it by what name they may. Not that I care about people finding it out—of course not; I hope I am above all such affectation: but why that fellow should actually *laugh* just now, as if there was something *ludicrous* in my appearance, I cannot understand. I look embarrassed, I have no doubt; I knew I should; but really I thought the wig was a quiet looking article enough, as I *must* wear one—nothing to attract particular notice. To be sure, I'm so near-sighted that—but then Frank—he would have told me had there been anything *particular* in the appearance of this famous 'gentleman's real head of hair.' No, no; I know how it is; I am *conscious* that I wear a wig, and therefore—but I must endeavour to look easy and unconcerned under this abominable infliction; for, upon my word, they may talk as they please about its being '*feather-weight*,' but for my part I really—never—"

During the above mental soliloquy, he had continued twitching at the "ventilating peruke" in the most uncomfortable, restless manner possible; till he at last succeeded, to a certain degree, in soothing himself into the sober resolve of "letting," as the saying goes, "well alone," and which the cab just then arriving at its destination greatly tended to confirm. Alighting, Timothy now attempted to treat the renewed titting of the driver with an easy, aristocratic *nonchalance* that was highly creditable under the circumstances: but, alas! there were additional mortifications, and—we may add—*mystifications* also yet in store for the unlucky wearer of the "gentleman's real head of hair." Lingered awhile upon the pavement searching for his card, and still tenacious of disarranging the recently-assumed honours of his head, with his hat under his arm, he suddenly recognised, by the aid of the brilliant gas-lamp, friendly to his circumscribed vision, an intimate from the country in a passer-by; who, however, after a full stop, and earnest gaze at his head, pursued his way without further notice.

"Why, surely," thought Timothy, "that was Dick Green; and he didn't know me for this odious wig. But I must spare a few minutes for a how-d'ye-do. Hollo, Green!—Dick Green!—What, don't you know me? When did you come to town?"

"Why, is it possible! Timothy Headfort!" exclaimed the individual addressed, and who, having turned at the sound of his friend's voice, now approached with extended hand. "No, really, Tim, I did *not* know you; and confess I never should, on account of——"

"My wig—I was sure of it!" interrupted Timothy, with a forced laugh, and endeavouring to appear gay, and at his ease. "You little thought ever to see me in a wig, Dick, knowing my objection to wearing one; but you see I am compelled at last—ha, ha, ha! you look so astonished."

"Well, I really am," returned his friend: "You, too, such a steady-going young man, to be engaged in a hoax! But I dare say the joke is excellent—ha, ha, ha!—upon my word, capital! I had no notion you possessed so much humour, Tim."

"Hoax—humour!" repeated Timothy, with some alarm; "You know very well I have no turn for the humorous and jocose; I was always quite a different character—indeed, if you recollect, rather seriously inclined: but an accident happened to my head only last night, and——"

"Indeed! Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Why, it might have been; as it was, my head was obliged to be shaved."

"Good heavens! so bad as that! and yet they've let you out alone with—that queer thing upon your head!"

"Eh?—Oh, nonsense, Dick, you quite misunderstand. But I haven't time just now to explain; I——in short, I'm *obliged* to wear a wig, and chose this as the most quiet and unassuming; and really I didn't think it looked so bad as I had expected, near-sighted though I am; and Frank (you remember Frank Hilary?) he thought it the most gentlemanly-looking among a large collection."

"Did he? it must have been an uncommonly queer collection."

"Ha, ha, ha! well, in some respects it was, for the person happened to be a theatrical wig-maker, and some of them were very comical indeed: there was one in particular, that amused Frank highly; the most ludicrous caricature that—oh! on the head, irresistible! But excuse me just now, Dick; I have such a particular engagement! Good bye, for the present; be sure you give me an early call."

"Well, don't let me detain you, then. Farewell; I wish you much amusement from your excellent joke there—on your head."

"Hey! what! joke! Stay, stay; what *can* you mean, Dick? I'm upon no joke, I assure you. I am going into this very house, by appointment, to wait upon an esteemed old friend of my father: Lord Markall, who is so distinguished for his talents, you know. This visit may prove of the utmost importance to me."

"What—in that wig!"

"And why not? I am quite aware that the wig don't become me; I didn't expect it would: that's a trifle to a man of sense, as long as he looks respectable; and this style of head is perfectly fashionable, I assure you."

"Is—it!" exclaimed Dick Green, staring almost wildly at his friend's head.

"Oh, yes; every one who wears a wig wears just such a one as this."

"Do—they?" ejaculated the evidently wonder-struck gazer.

"Why, yes, of course; it's the present mode; and is in fact called the 'gentleman's real head of hair.'"

"Good gracious!" was all Dick Green could utter.

Timothy felt rather encouraged by the simplicity of his friend's, as with a smile he observed—

"You see, living as you do so much in the country, my dear Green,——"

"Well—that is very true; it isn't to be expected that I should know much about the fashion. So, once again, farewell; and success attend you, Tim."

The two friends parted; and Timothy prepared to ascend the steps of the splendid mansion before him. Just at that moment a genteelly-attired female, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, passed close by him.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, as if involuntarily, and in an under-tone, to her companion, "what a strange figure! What a very extraordinary—comical-looking wig!"

"Hush, hush, my dear," replied her friend, "the gentleman's going to a masquerade, of course."

They passed on; but as the annoyed and bewildered Timothy was nervously occupied in a few more tugs and twitches of the "real head of hair," one of those swaggering, reckless blades of the lower class, who are usually in the habit of imparting their unsolicited opinions, in a manner more freely than is always welcome; assailed him with, "Hollo, my fine chap! how long have you been let out of the show-box, hey?" while a little boy passing on the other side, with a leather strap of pewter pots over his shoulder, expressed his sentiments by exclaiming, in a shrill voice—

"Oh, crikey! vat a vig!"

Poor Timothy Headfort! his philosophy was scarce proof against such a climax.

"Really, I—I—perhaps, after all, I had better return," thought he within himself. "Who would have supposed that the mere wearing a wig would have produced an effect so very remarkable as this comes to? How many are there—ay, hundreds, who are in the habit of wearing a wig, and without attracting particular notice? but the fact is, a wig don't suit every one; myself for example, it don't suit *me*, that's evident. I knew it wouldn't." He still lingered before the great man's door; as, after a pause, in mental soliloquy he continued—"upon due consideration, though, 'twill never do to go back, situated as I now am; 'twould be the ruin of all my prospects; his lordship would never overlook such an affront, and my father would be quite outrageous: besides, how could I ever assign such an absurd reason as that a wig didn't happen to become my features—preposterous! No, no, I shall walk in, and present my card boldly; his lordship will perceive, like the rest, that I wear a wig, and that it don't at all suit me; but he, of course, will be too much a man of sense and good breeding to take any particular notice of the circumstance." Thus reasoning, the "gentleman" with the "real head of hair" felt as though restored to his usual quiet self-possession, and at last found himself in the brilliantly-lighted hall of his noble patron, presenting his card to one of the many liveried attendants, with all the gentlemanly composure in the world.

It is but due to our friend Timothy to state that he scarcely winced under the man's involuntary stare and twinkle of his eye, as he suddenly turned his head, and passed his handkerchief a few times across his face. After a slight cough, however, the well-trained domestic, regarding the card with respectful gravity, intimated that his lordship being unexpectedly engaged for a few minutes, had desired that Mr. Headfort should be shown into the general waiting-room.

The apartment was spacious; and as is sometimes the case when thus appropriated, lighted only by a small lamp depending from the centre that burning but dimly, shed a sort of mysterious, uncertain light around, very faintly pervading the further end. It was there that Timothy, as he sat, could just distinguish the figure of a gentleman apparently waiting like himself; an elderly gentleman he thought; for his limited vision could discern only the outline of the form, and the head crowned by one of the antiquated *toupées*, in which some worthy old gentlemen of the present day sometimes delight, as mementoes of "long, long ago."

"It's astonishing," thought the "gentleman" with the "real head of hair,"—"it's really astonishing, the attachment of some of those old boys for the fashions of their youthful days. I don't suppose now, that anything on earth would persuade that old gentleman to leave off that strange, quizzical-looking thing upon his head—nothing; and he little thinks what a ridiculous figure he cuts; really quite laughable. He seems to have found out that I also wear a wig, and that it doesn't suit me at all; at least, if I may judge by the steady position of his head towards me. By the bye, I'm staring very rudely myself, and he don't know how near-sighted I am." And Timothy, thus thinking, withdrew his eyes; a few moments, however, accidentally turning them again in

the same direction, he was not a little surprised at perceiving the stranger to be regarding him with the same steadfast gaze as before. Ere he could form any comment to himself upon this somewhat peculiar behaviour, the servant entered to usher him into the presence of Lord Markall. On quitting the apartment, Timothy, never neglectful of the rules of politeness and decorum, turned to bow to the gentleman at the other end of it; and was much surprised, indeed, somewhat offended at the peculiarly *simultaneous* manner, in which his salutation was returned; for it had the appearance, he thought, almost of *mockery*; while his surprise and chagrin were further augmented, at perceiving the footman to be regarding him with astonishment bordering on *alarm*!

"Upon my word," thought Timothy, as he followed his conductor, "all this is most unaccountable; one would suppose this fellow didn't understand the most common rules of civility. That's nothing to do with this odious wig, at any rate. Really all the people seem to be very strange."

He was also still further annoyed to observe, that the man now studiously avoided looking at his head; and when he did so, that his handkerchief was more than once held to his face; while apparently striving to control sundry fits of coughing. "Perhaps the poor man has a cold," thought Timothy, still perturbed. "Well, well, it may be so, though certainly there never was anybody so ill suited for a wig as myself. Plague take all the 'gentlemen's real heads of hair!'" The door of an elegant and spacious drawing-room was now thrown open, with a sonorous announcement of "Mr. Timothy Headfort!" immediately succeeded by the advance of rapid footsteps, and a pleasing voice exclaiming in the most encouraging and friendly manner—

"My dear young man, I——"

A pause of dead silence ensued. Timothy, who stood with becoming diffidence before his noble patron, and whose downcast eyes beheld only two hands, extended evidently with all the ardour of welcome, at length ventured respectfully to look up, to encounter a dignified and decidedly benevolent countenance gazing upon him with the utmost astonishment, mingled with no small portion of indignation.

"Sir," at length said his lordship, with some *hauteur*, "really, I—I don't quite understand—a—there must be some mistake, I rather think, sir."

"Encouraged by my father, my lord, I"—mildly commenced the young man.

"Your father, sir!" repeated Lord Markall, sternly.

"Sir Timothy Headfort, my lord," continued the visitor, respectfully.

"Headfort! my excellent, my esteemed old friend!" exclaimed his lordship, with sudden urbanity; then, relapsing into his former stern expression, he added, "certainly, sir, I expect a son of his."

"Which I have the honour to announce myself, my lord," replied young Timothy, bowing with an air of graceful deference.

"You, sir!" exclaimed Lord Markall, regarding his head with a glance of extreme contempt; "really, I must say I hope not, for my worthy friend's sake—and I must add, also your own—your presuming thus to play the *buffoon* in my presence, sir."

"My lord!" faltered the poor astounded Timothy.

"Insulting a man of my character and time of life."

"Good Heavens, my lord, I?"

"Presenting yourself with such a thing as—as *that* upon your head."

"Your lordship is alluding to my wig," replied Timothy, with excess of agitation; "I—I confess I *do* wear a wig; a circumstance—in fact, an accident, with which I will not trouble your lordship—obliged me to—to—I am aware it does not at all suit me, I knew it wouldn't; though I assure your lordship I took care to select the most quiet, gentlemanly—it is, in fact, called the 'gentleman's real head of hair,' my lord." Lord Markall turned with an air of ineffable contempt to his writing-table, and remained silent.

"The—the 'ventilating peruke,' my lord," continued the unlucky visitor, with a degree of desperate earnestness.

His lordship looked up with a freezing glance—"I am engaged, sir," said he. "With—*without silk or sewing*," my lord," persisted poor Timothy, becoming rather incoherent; and almost stuttering in his distraction, as he added tremulously, "it's f—f—*feather w—weight*," my lord."

There was a pause; when at length Lord Markall rose from his seat with an air of grave dignity, mingled with some compassion. "Young man," said he, "as being the son of my esteemed old friend, I feel, notwithstanding this most unprecedented insult on your part—yes sir, I feel it to be incumbent on me for his sake, at least, to bestow some wholesome advice touching your present improper appearance before me. The accounts I had received of you, young man, both from my worthy friend and general report, had led me to expect a far different character; and certainly conduct more consistent with our relative positions. I pity you, young sir; and regard for your worthy father, now influences my counsel, timely to endeavour to restrain this evidently innate spirit of levity of yours; this outrageous inclination for the ludicrous and grotesque, which, by being injudiciously employed, as at present, may prove a decided bar to the advancement in which, I confess, it would have afforded me sincere pleasure to have been instrumental; but allow me to observe, that in the waiting-room below, there is a mirror, similar, and situated precisely as the one yonder; before which, when as I suppose, you, like any other idle young blade, delighted to contemplate that tom-foolery on your head, it would have been as well had you considered whether it was quite consistent with the respect, that my years and station, at least, are justified in claiming. You seem surprised, young gentleman: but do me the favour to turn your eyes that way."

"There, sir, nearer, if you please!"

"I am so very near-sighted, my lord," stammered the bewildered Timothy.

"Well, sir, then approach nearer still," continued his lordship.

The young man obeyed. He drew nearer to the mirror, that so brilliantly reflected the well-lighted apartment: when presently he thought that he beheld, instead of his own reflection, that of the eccentric individual he had encountered in the waiting-room! that is, his *head*—his well-remembered *wig*!

Nearer—still nearer, he approached; when suddenly the blood rushed to his face, as a sort of strange most alarming suspicion flashed upon him! for—What, oh! what had become of the "gentleman's real head of hair," of "unshrinking fidelity," and "unchanging shape," so oft, so publicly proclaimed? What imp of mischief had flourished strange unhallowed curling-tongs o'er the innocent, unassuming, "ventilating peruke," till it seemed to have indignantly frizzled itself into that of the sapient *Justice Midas*, even unto its characteristic appendages, "*the ears of an ass*!"

"Moments such as these occur in life but once," has observed a deceased romance-writer, one of the most powerful and popular of his now by-gone day.* ("Alas! poor Yorick!") though certainly under very different circumstances; and doubtless, the wig-crowned, but crest-fallen hero, would have derived much consolation from its remembrance, had he been able to remember anything; or even to utter a word; as, giddy with astonishment and dismay, lights, looking-glass, wigs, and asses' ears, all fitted before his bewildered gaze: every object in the room seemed impelled by the principle of the "self-acting furniture," and even his respectable and noble patron himself, appeared to whirl *pirouettes*, most indecorous and inconsistent with his dignified station! However, as the generality of novelists think proper to observe upon some startling incident, and overwhelming discovery, "what happened afterwards, we know not." All we dare venture to assert is, that Mr. Timothy Headfort might have been seen about an hour afterwards, in his own apartment, sitting in a very melancholy attitude, with his bald head enveloped in a silk bandanna. Opposite to him, was his friend Mr. Frank

* Matthew Gregory Lewis, Esq., M.P.: one of whose daring flights of fancy gained him the yet well-remembered *sobriquet* of "Monk" Lewis.

Hilary; his countenance expressive of most decorous sympathy: though you might be tempted to fancy something like a little simper at the corner of his mouth; but it would be only fancy, believe me; for who could think of *laughing* under the circumstances? At the further end of the apartment, might also have been seen Monsieur Beauton, very busy packing certain perukes of various descriptions, shades, and dimensions; his countenance in respectful accordance with that of his master; though it must be confessed, that for some cause or other, he was every now and then compelled to suddenly bury his head closely among the hirsute assortment; at which times his whole frame would be violently convulsed as if in a fit of an ague! There had been silence for the last few minutes; which was at length broken by the plaintive tones of the gentleman who *ought* to have worn the "gentleman's real head of hair."

Timothy Headfort—(with a deep sigh) Frank!

Frank Hilary—(with a corresponding manner) Well?

Timothy—What did you do with—with—that?

Frank—What? the Midas wig? that with the asses'—

Timothy—Don't—pray don't mention the—you know what I mean. Where did you put it after amusing yourself?

Frank—Upon my word, I can hardly remember. I threw it down somewhere—on the arm of the sofa, I think.

Timothy—Ah! that was it; there was the mischief!

Frank—Nay; come, Tim, don't be casting the blame on me. If you had only waited for lights—

Timothy—And even if I had, I'm so near-sighted, that——

Frank—You'd have made a low bow to yourself, as you say you did in the waiting-room. No wonder the footman thought you mad.

Timothy—Oh! Frank, it almost drives me so, to think of it.

Frank—Come, come, think of it no more, then. 'Twas a most unlucky blunder, certainly; but never mind, Tim: you expect your father in town soon you say—the two old friends will meet—there will be an explanation, and rely on't, this absurd affair will end in a hearty laugh among us all. At any rate, let it console you that from the "gentleman's real head of hair" you have gained two useful lessons. As a functionary of law, never to be caught *napping*; and should you rise to judicial honours, above all things not to *put on your wig in the dark*.

THE DWARF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH* BY A. S. BUSHBY.

"Il etait seul et sans espérances; personne ne l'avait aimé pendant sa vie, nul ne la pleura après sa mort; son berceau n'eut pas un sourire, et sa tombe pas une fleur."

Contes Arabes.

'Tis I who watch the turret high,
Where the noble Lady Alice dwells;
Her poor, her faithful dwarf am I,
Who to no ear his sorrow tells—
Whom the bright morn awakes to sadness,
To whom eve brings no hour of gladness.

Nature to me, unkind indeed,
A shepherd's lowly hut within

Sent me, deformed, like some vile weed,
Cumb'ring the earth, life to begin.
I was a lonely, unloved child,
On me no tender mother smiled,
For at my birth she died, alas!
And, nurs'd in sorrow, 'twas my lot
Into these lordly halls to pass,
An alien from my father's cot.

'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

* From "*Les Echos de L'Ame*." Poems by M. de Foudras. Published in Paris in 1849.

Amidst the busy world, alone

My youthful years were sadly spent;
None ever cared to hear me own

The thoughts that in my breast were pent.
No merry sports my childhood knew,
No sympathy my sufferings drew.

Denied to me that soothing power
Which flowers o'er other paths hath strew'd;
Hope never cheered one passing hour,
'Twas always, always, servitude.

'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

But, ah! these infant days, although
Nor joy nor pastime they could boast,
In spite of all their childish woe,

Are those that I regret the most;
For though a slave, I wore my chain,
Without the added galling pain
Of dreaming what I might become;
For then as feeble was my soul
As its poor weak unsightly home,
With no strong passions to control.

'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

There came a day my soul awoke
Impatient from its slumber deep,
As if some magic spell had broke
At once upon its weary sleep.
What hopes then started into life!
What feelings waged their inward strife!

The twilight of my mind was o'er—
Desires came, faint and low at first,
But, as the tide swells on the shore,
Soon into raging billows burst.

'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

May ye who chance to hearken to
The poor dwarf-minstrel's plaintive strain,
Be never called on to subdue

The feelings *he* would quell in vain.
Oh! 'tis a bitter, bitter fate
For a warm heart to find no mate
Its best affections to consume,
Unknown, unheard, in silent grief—
Absorbed in one unchanging gloom,
Without a prospect of relief.

'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

Such was the joyless life I led,
When by my master called one day;
"I must depart, Tristan," he said,
"But thou shalt with my daughter stay.
That thou wilt ever faithful prove
I may not doubt; but be thy love
Like that of my poor favourite hound—
The hound I cherished tenderly—

Who on far Syria's bloody ground
Alas! died in defending me."

'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

"Thou seest this poignard hanging here—
Defend her, should a foe intrude;
And with this lute her spirits cheer,
While she is left in solitude.
Soothe her, obey her, watch o'er her,
And never from her presence stir,

When any service thou canst give."
To serve—to guard her thus!—what I!
Rather than near *her* thus to live
For me 'twere better far to fly.

'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

Her loveliness could'st thou but see,
When, with a glance of her dark eye,
The Lady Alice beckons me,
And tells me with a gentle sigh,
"Good Tristan, take thy lute, and play
Or sing me some heart-stirring lay;
I love to hear thy touching voice."

Alas! although with smiles begun
The soft romance that was her choice,
My tears are flowing ere 'tis done.

'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

A horn is heard—its stirring sound
Announces some arrival. See
Gay knights are springing to the ground.

What cavalcade can yonder be?
Hark how the foaming coursers neigh!
Look how the joyous greyhounds play!

Now I would bet a shield of gold
That 'tis my master—yes, his glance
Hath fallen on me. Who is yon bold
And handsome knight he bids advance?

'Tis I who watch the turret high, &c.

In every valley near the tow'r
Next morn the merry bells were ringing,
As if to usher in an hour

That some unwonted joy was bringing;
From thirty villages, in throngs,
The vassals poured with gladsome songs;

Who was the bride they came to meet,
Amidst that fair and festive train?

'Twas *Alice* they advanced to greet!

But every eye might search in vain
For him who watched the turret high
Where that noble lady used to dwell;

Her poor, her faithful dwarf was I,
Who to no ear his griefs might tell—
Whom the bright morn awakes to sadness,
To whom eve brings no hour of gladness.

THE VALLEY OF THE NILE.*

EGYPT is an exhaustless topic. Perhaps more works have been written on this than on any other portion of the globe. From the earliest antiquity down to the present year, volumes on volumes, in countless numbers, have been given to the world, and yet we never tire of the subject. The history, customs, manners, population, and religion of that beautiful land are ever, to our minds, full of new and unworn interest. No country presents so inviting a field for the traveller, the antiquarian, or the artist. Illustrated works are never so rich in picturesque costume or magnificent landscape as when they delineate the people and natural aspect of Egypt—the busy streets of its cities crowded with a motley and varied throng of passengers; its broad and beautiful river running now over a country richly cultivated, now through deep channels between lofty precipices, and now thundering over rocky ledges in its onward progress to the sea; its ancient temples, built in the most imposing style of architecture, and its mighty pyramids, the wonder of every age,—all these combine to render the country worthy the attention of the author and the artist.

The magnificent work which has suggested these remarks has confined itself rather to the representation of living creatures—chiefly the men and women of Egypt, Nubia, and part also of Abyssinia—than to the delineation of landscapes, though we now and then have a little of this also. Mr. St. John, so well known as the author of "Egypt and Mohammed Ali," is a man eminently fitted to undertake the task of illustrating the beautiful lithographs of the present volume. His long sojourn in the country—his voyage up the Nile—the opportunities he enjoyed of observing the habits and manners of all classes of the inhabitants,—conduce to give weight to his testimony on any subject represented, and we therefore look on the work as a standard work; not as illustrated books generally are, a mere portfolio of fine engravings, with a diminutive patch of print opposite each—a small oasis in a vast desert of unsullied paper, containing half a dozen dates, with a mention of the Pharaohs, and no more; but a work which may be regarded as an authority to which reference can be made with the greatest confidence.

We sat in our editorial studio and read the "Oriental Album" alternately with admiring its lithographs. Gradually, our leather-covered table and chair expanded into velvet divans piled with the softest cushions; the druggot on the floor shone with the brilliant hues of a Turkey carpet; the passers-by without appeared Arabs, Turks, and Nubians; the cry of orange-sellers seemed the muezzin's call to prayer; the walls of our room were perfectly eastern; and, to complete the delusion, the well-worn pen which we nibbled in our mouth was extended into a serpentine tube, and we enjoyed the delights of the soothing chibouque.

We mingled in the wars of Egypt—charged side by side with moustachioed Arnouts and Osmanlis—and bivouacked in the Desert, eating bread and dates, and drinking water. Then we rested from the fatigue of our campaign; and, reclined on cushions, watched with delighted eyes the performances of the Ghawazis, and listened to their plaintive songs.

We galloped through corn and bean fields, through gardens and streets, and over the sandy plains of Goshen, on the back of a lofty camel—listened to the music of the desert—heard the itinerant story-tellers reciting their tales of love, war, and adventure—floated up the Nile, cheered by the boatmen's songs,—in fact, saw so many interesting things, and experienced so many delightful sen-

* "The Oriental Album. Characters, Customs, Modes of Life, in the Valley of the Nile." Illustrated from Designs taken on the Spot, by E. Prisse, with Descriptive Letterpress by James Augustus St. John. Madden.

sations, that when we arrived at the end of the volume we raised our hand complacently to stroke our beard!

Then the vision melted away. Our chin had been shaved that morning, and instead of the flowing beard of the East nothing but a field of the shortest possible bristles was to be felt; and we at last perceived we were only reading a book!

However, reading "*The Oriental Album*," even to those who do not possess so imaginative a mind as ours, is a great privilege. The price will preclude many from seeing it; we shall, therefore, endeavour to present our readers with a very slight outline of its contents, enriched with a few extracts.

The volume opens with a portrait of Mr. George Lloyd, to whom the work is dedicated. This gentleman met with a melancholy death, the exact manner of which is not related in the few remarks there made of him. Seated one day on a broken wall amid some ruins in the Theban desert, he was insulted by some Arabs, who at length offered to strike him. He raised the rifle he held in his hand to repulse them, when the trigger was accidentally pulled and the charge passed through his body. In the agonies of death, it struck him that the Arabs might be accused of murdering him; he, therefore, with his last remaining energy, wrote a few lines with a pencil to his father, relating the manner of his perishing, and absolving the men from all blame. He died in a few moments after.

The first lithograph which Mr. St. John illustrates with letter-press represents an Arnout and an Osmanli soldier, each attired in the picturesque costume of his people. These men strike the traveller much, even amid the varied population of Alexandria. The haughty, dignified, and imperturbable Osmanlis, while possessing imposing exteriors, with fine forms, are effeminate and corrupt, the only ability they possess being that of commanding the respect of the vulgar and enslaved. The Albanian, on the contrary, though rude, gross, and ferocious, is brave to the last degree. Owning, perhaps, nothing but the sword he wears, he issues, poor and friendless, from his mountain home, and takes to the profession of arms to earn himself bread. And, indeed, when engaged in battle, no men are ever before the Albanian irregulars, whose presence has often turned the scale of victory. When unemployed, however, they are the scourge of the unhappy district in which they happen to be quartered. Mr. St. John says—

"I remember on one occasion meeting a gang of these irregulars; who, after having been strolling about all day, in search of petty plunder, were returning to Alexandria. There were with me at the time several Europeans, and two or three Arabs. The Albanians had not then generally adopted the tarboush, but wore the small, close, richly-embroidered skull-cap, with which they are usually represented by the elder travellers. This being thrown considerably backwards, gave them the air of being intoxicated, and imparted an air of foolishness to their ferocity. The crowd—men, women, and children—hastily made way for them, and they passed on, viewing all they met with looks which clearly signified how happy they should feel to be at their throats. They were nearly all of them men of six feet high and upwards, robust and powerful in make, and but for their truculent aspect, would generally have been pronounced handsome. Their thin, black moustachios, depending on either side the mouth, fell below the chin, thus augmenting the savageness of their expression. They had not adopted the uniform of the Pacha's troops, but affected a costume to which brilliant colours, tastefully contrasted and disposed in masses, imparted an air of remarkable magnificence. Their caps were scarlet, embroidered with gold; their jackets a rich purple, which, opening in front, disclosed a vest of dark green, confined at the waist by a crimson shawl, twisted in many folds, and supporting a profusion of pistols and yataghans, whose rich mountings glistened in the sun. One of the Arabs who accompanied me observed that these were the caterpillars which devoured the harvests of Egypt; and added, that the Pacha's government would never cease to be oppressive and odious so long as it depended for support on men so infamous for their brutality. He returned their threatening

scowl with a look equally menacing; and I could perceive the warm blood of the Desert mounting in his cheek."

The following is a description of the dance of the Ghawazis of Shaarah, inhabited chiefly by them, with the Awalin, or singing girls:—

"The performers are supposed to be representing a lover and his mistress. The girl who supported the female part stood, at first, in the door of the tent, and, from the looks she cast around her and at the sky, impressed you with the idea that it was night. She listened, and the tramp of a horse (not badly imitated by the old musicians) at length smote upon her ear. Powerful emotions of delight, expressed both by her countenance and gestures, now shook her frame, and prepared you for the raptures of meeting. Then followed reproaches and recriminations; increasing anger; a quarrel; affected steps towards departure, on the one side—affected composure and indifference on the other: the whole ultimately terminating in reconciliation. Two or three pretty, plaintive songs, chaunted by the maiden at her tent-door, varied the performance."

Passing the account of the numerous tombs of the saints which stud the wilderness of Egypt in every direction, inhabited by religious men, generally mendicants—sometimes really pious and detached from the vanities of towns and cities, and sometimes attracted to that mode of life by considerations of profit—we come to the descriptions of the luxurious harems of the Eastern nobility. We have a pleasing and brilliant picture of the abode of a lady of rank: the various chambers, some ornamented with baths and fountains of elaborately-sculptured marble, filled with the most glittering water, constantly dashing up and splashing again in a thousand diamonds into the basins—the blossoming almond, orange, and pomegranate trees—the blooming jasmine, throwing its perfumes in at every window—the vessels of gold and silver—the piles of elegant cushions, of the richest material—the gilded stools—ornaments of delicate filagree, and the luxurious couches—are all minutely brought in bold relief before the mind's eye.

Mr. St. John enjoyed the extraordinary advantage of inspecting several of these abodes of ease and indolence—a privilege seldom granted to any stranger. His authority on the subject is, therefore, peculiarly valuable. Here is an extract from this article:—

"I once, in the bazaar at Cairo, met with a woman of rank, as was evident from the magnificence of her costume, attended by a single female slave. I was engaged in purchasing a turban, when she accosted me, and undertook to point out the sort of muslin which, as she said, would suit me. She was an Osmanli woman, probably from the most northern provinces of European Turkey, for her small hand was white as a lily, and her face (from which she threw back the veil, that she might examine the muslins with greater care) exhibited the delicate features and complexion of the North. We possessed between us but little Arabic, for I was then almost new to the country. The slave girl looked alarmed and angry, and spoke to her in some language which I did not understand, probably pointing out the impropriety of conversing in the bazaar with a stranger; but the lady was young and wayward, and, to show her contempt for the counsel of her Mentor, only chatted and laughed the more. Through the opening of the pink pelisse I saw the yelek of richly-flowered silk, and the necklace of large diamonds."

Now, had Mr. St. John been an adventurous knight-errant, of a romantic turn of mind, this incident might have turned out more than it did. He was an Englishman, however, and lived in the nineteenth century; the affair, therefore, dropped there, and he heard no more of the handsome lady of the bazaar.

The following is Mr. St. John's idea of beauty:—

"Another woman, nominally an Abyssinian, but in reality a Galla, I was myself desirous of setting free at Cairo, under very peculiar circumstances. The Jellabi who owned her hired in the slave-market a respectable apartment for her accommodation, where she sat on a neat sofa, attired superbly, and holding

in her hand a small glittering dagger, with which she played while speaking or spoken to; her beauty was of the rarest kind, and she would have commanded an enormous price, but for the belief of all those who saw her that she was so fierce and revengeful that no one was quite safe while within her reach. She had been there, I was assured, full three months, and had attracted hundreds of admirers, though no purchaser. I shall never forget her face, which was of the richest and most delicate oval, with dimples in the cheek and chin—a short upper lip—a mouth formed like that of a Grecian statue, and eyes of the most lustrous light. As she spoke Arabic, I felt sure it would be quite possible to tame this Ethiopian Medea by the use of a few magic words; but I found upon inquiry that this pleasure, however great it might have been, would have cost me far too dear. I could not have sent her back to her country, and therefore left her with regret in the hands of the Jellabi, who asked for her a sum that would have peopled a Turkish hareem."

The civilisation of the West having long ago discarded the custom of buying and selling slaves, it is not to be wondered that a traveller should feel a desire to free a woman of this description. It was a pity that Mr. St. John was not enabled to carry out his intention. Fierce and revengeful as the beautiful Galla was represented to be to those who assisted in detaining her in bondage, she no doubt would have been in like proportion grateful for services rendered. Freedom is sweet; and this woman, possessed of strong feelings as she was, fully appreciated, we dare say, its sweetness, and would have been sensible of the keenest emotions of gratitude towards the stranger from England who restored her to her family in the valleys of her distant land.

The streets of Cairo present proverbially more animated and varied scenes than those of almost any other Oriental city. Though its population does not exceed two hundred thousand souls, if one or two persons of each different race that dwells within its walls were to collect in a group, it would form a more motley and grotesque assortment of the human species than could be brought together in any other spot on the face of the globe. To see all the curiosities of Cairo (we mean the curiosities of population) the traveller should reside, not in the quarter appropriated to Europeans, but in the Turkish portion. There, especially during the period just preceding the departure of the great pilgrim caravan for Mecca, will he see the lordly, purse-proud, swaggering Turk—the ferocious Albanian—the insolent and overbearing Moggrebyn, or Bedouin of Northern Africa, so renowned and dreaded for his lawless and desperate character—the venerable hajji, with flowing beard and downcast eye—the turbaned scribe, seated cross-legged at the street corner, inditing love or other epistles for his customers, utterly regardless of the stream of population flowing by him—the cringing fellah—the merchant from Mecca—the Syrian, the European, and the Asiatic Turk—the dervishes—Egyptians, English, and Persians—the inhabitants of all the European nations, with many others, too numerous to classify. The bazaars, the mad-houses, the slave-market, the mosques, the gardens of Shoubra, the public buildings—each and all of these contain in themselves a world of interest and matter for speculation.

The bazaar in Cairo, however, is the place in which the travellers can observe the most striking characteristics of Oriental civilisation. Perhaps the first shop is devoted to the sale of the materials necessary to compose the toilet of the Osmanli lords of Cairo. This contains every article of dress, from the fine linen shirt to the kachmere girdle and green turban of the descended-from-the-prophet. Next to this is a magazine filled with all the materials requisite to deck the beauties inhabiting the hareems of these wealthy Mohammedans. Here are satin jackets, embossed with flowers, flowing robes of gauze, trousers of all colours, with every other item of the dress worn by Eastern ladies—with mirrors, crystal vases, spoons studded with jewels, and gems and trinkets of every kind. Then comes a shop devoted to the sale of pipes—then one filled with vases and various ornaments, with others, the contents of which are too diver-

sified to be enumerated. The sale of oils and gold lace for the hair constitute the whole traffic of a bazaar half a mile long.

Had we space, we could dwell at infinite length on the various features of this strange city, at once replete with the grand and the grotesque—the wealthy and the wretched—tyranny and slavery. But space is the bane of periodical writers, who are compelled to crowd into few pages what would fill a hundred. We must therefore, however reluctantly, quit Cairo and accompany Mr. St. John into the Desert. We find him crossing the sandy waste with the Bedouins, visiting the lowly villages of the Fellahs, watching the pretty water carriers of the Nile, mixing in the hilarity and bustle of a country fair, sailing up the Nile to Middle Egypt with him, and examining the wretched, but at the same time romantic, mud cottages of the peasants. The following is an account of the dwelling of an old gentleman fond of the picturesque, and also possessed by the laudable desire of keeping his own piastres in his own pockets :—

“I remember one old fellow who, wearied by Turkish taxation, had betaken himself to a retreat whither the collectors of the revenue would not care to follow him. Midway, on the face of a cliff four or five hundred feet perpendicular, some anchorite of ancient days had scooped himself out a suite of chambers in the rock, with spacious windows overlooking the river and commanding a delightful prospect of the valley. To enter this dwelling, there was no way but by descending to it along a rope let down from the top of a mountain, or by climbing up another rope, which its inmate occasionally let down from the window when he desired to visit or be visited by mankind. For the purpose of raising such provisions as were brought him, he dropped a small cord with a basket at the end of it, into which was put whatever he needed, without payment of any kind, by the honest Fellahs of the neighbourhood. Of course no one but a holy personage could think of leading so solitary an existence, and as the Arabs entertain a profound respect for sanctity, they are always very ready to maintain those who appear to possess it.”

The Abaddeh, or Nubians of the Eastern Thebaid Desert, next come under our observation. They are a fine muscular race, often exceeding six feet three inches in height, and must be peculiarly formidable opponents in battle, with their ponderous broadswords and crooked daggers. Ferocious and bloodthirsty as they are, these wild men of Nubia nevertheless surpass in industry the more peaceful and domestic Egyptian Fellahs, by whom they are regarded with very unfavourable feelings. The gardens of those that settle in one place are trim, their fields well cultivated, and their dwellings neat. For the most part, however, the Abaddeh are nomadic, and, only attending to their flocks and herds, wander from spot to spot of that extensive desert lying between the Valley of the Nile and the Red Sea.

We then accompany the picturesque Kafilah, tracking its weary way over the plains, in a scattered and extended line by day, but close and compact by night, through fear not only of the wandering hordes of robbers which ever keep the merchant possessed by a wholesome anxiety for the safety of his life and property, but also through fear of supernatural visitations, tales of which are nowhere so rife as in this portion of the East.

A lithograph representing an Arab Sheikh luxuriating in his chibouque gives Mr. St. John an opportunity of enlarging on the delights of smoking; after which we have an account of the Wahaby and Azami Arab tribes; then the noble Nedji horse, an animal held by the Turks and Arabs in almost equal esteem with their wives and children, appears before us full of life and beauty; and certainly, if any of the inferior creation should command the affection of his owner, it is the Arab horse. His generous qualities are known to all. Often has the hunted and exiled Bedouin, when driven from house and home—deprived by slaughter of friend and family, deserted by his allies, and chased well nigh to death by the forces of a superior enemy—found a preserver and a

faithful adherent in his good charger. Such services as these at least justify an enormous value being set by the owner upon his benefactor, and we are not disposed to regard as incredible the story told of the sheikh of a powerful Nomade tribe refusing sixty thousand pounds sterling for his mare. "Sixty thousand pounds," said he, "are good; but, Allah be praised! my mare is better."

Reluctantly passing over some of the most interesting portions of this delightful book, we are introduced to an Abyssinian priest and warrior engaged in conversation. Advantage is taken of this to sketch in half a page a history of the rise and progress of Christianity in that country. The following describes the sowing of the first seeds:—

"Christianity owes much of the progress it has made in Abyssinia to the mild and inoffensive manner of those who first carried its precepts into the land. There was no attempt to force religion into the hearts of the people. The Christian brothers won them by love, the fundamental principle of Christianity; and obtained the confidence of the monarch then reigning by their peaceful demeanour. Doubtless it was by accident that the first seeds of the new religion were sown. When Aleropiun, with his two sons, 830 years after the birth of our Saviour, set out upon a commercial voyage to India, and landed on the coast of the Red Sea, he scarcely contemplated the great work he then began. The inhabitants murdered him, and, making his sons prisoners, conveyed them as slaves before the Emperor. Their abilities and behaviour, however, soon constrained him to set them free. They then appear to have applied themselves to the work of conversion, which proceeded with great rapidity. Trumentius carried the tidings to Alexandria, where they were received with considerable joy. He was created the first Bishop of Alexandria; and, returning to the country, continued his exertions."

The two last articles, on the warrior of Amhara and the costume of Abyssinia, we are compelled with regret to pass over, to speak in general terms of the work.

The "Oriental Album" is a magnificent volume. The lithographs are among the most beautiful specimens of art we ever remember to have seen. The groupings are bold and striking, original in conception and highly finished in execution. To those who would acquire, at comparatively small cost and with little study, a correct and clear idea of the general features of the lands of Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia, more especially the first, we would recommend the "Oriental Album." Nor must we omit to mention the splendid illuminated title-page, which for beauty we have never seen excelled. The literary portions of the work and the engravings do equal credit to the author, the artist, and the lithographer.

LINES

WRITTEN IMPROMPTU ON HEARING OF THE LOSS OF HER MAJESTY'S STEAM FRIGATE, THE AVENGER.

Weep for our brothers, Who sunk on the main, For unheard and unpitied Their cries were in vain.	No help was at hand, And resistance was vain, But though buried in ocean They'll blossom again;	Their's was the grief, And their's was the woe, When told the sad tale Of the lov'd ones laid low.
Weep for the vessel O'erwhelmed by the tide, For the young and the noble Went down in their pride.	For God in his mercy Looked down from the sky, And angels stood ready To waft them on high.	But if sympathy, shedding Her tears far and near, To the hearts of the mourners Brings comfort and cheer
Let the bells be muffled, And solemnly tolled, For the brave hearts that rest In the waters so cold.	Then weep not for them, But with sorrowful mind Ye may weep for the parents And friends left behind.	Freely they'll flow [land, Through the breadth of the For the loss of that noble And ill-fated band.

ANTONIO PEREZ.

A ROMANCE OF BIOGRAPHY.

ANTONIO PEREZ, belonging to a noble family of Montreal de Ariza, the grandson of a secretary of the Inquisition, the son of Gonzalo Perez, Charles the Fifth's secretary of state, was presented to Philip the Second by Ruy Gomez de Sylva, the husband of the beautiful and celebrated Princess of Eboli. Philip the Second, *el Prudente* (the Prudent), as the theologians of the period called him, combined the use and abuse of every sensuality, with experience in the most complicated affairs, the most carefully-concealed and most ambitious schemes, the employment of every crime, and the most superstitious devotion. Antonio had scarcely set his foot at court before he was covered with the king's favours—a secretary of state at five-and-twenty, receiving, moreover, from the royal treasury a pension of 12,000 and another of 4,000 ducats. He does not explain in his memoirs the cause of this rapid and extraordinary elevation—but it is easy to supply his silence. The Princess of Eboli had inspired the king with a violent passion; and Ruy Gomez, her husband, was too wise not to be blind. The protectress of Antonio Perez, whose youth, talent, and love had touched her heart, she at once ruled Philip the Second by her personal ascendancy, by her complaisant husband, and by the monarch's secretary, devoted to her interests and captivated by her beauty. She was thus the nominal wife of Ruy Gomez, the beloved mistress of Antonio, and the interested favourite of Philip. In the midst of his tragical schemes and gigantic intrigues this terrible king was trebly a dupe. On one hand, a beautiful woman, whom he loved; on the other, the courtier husband conniving at adultery; lastly, Antonio Perez, a confidant of the king's passion, and the favoured lover of the princess, formed around the trebly-deceived Philip II. the thickest and most dramatically-woven veil that can be imagined.

Philip never suspected that he was deceived; his suspicions fell elsewhere. Don Juan of Austria, his bastard brother, gave him much anxiety. He followed with a distrustful eye the warlike ambition of this youth, who had refused to submit to the obscurity of the cloister or the effeminate life of a court. Each victory of Don Juan's increased his terror, and caused him frequently to augment the number of spies around the object of his suspicion. These latter, from whom several despatches are preserved in the memoirs of Perez, directly addressed themselves to the young secretary of state, who contented himself with deceiving his master in an amorous intrigue, and compensated his domestic treachery by fidelity and well-proved zeal. Their letters in cipher, which an ecclesiastic transcribed into ordinary characters, were commented on by Antonio and the king: this ecclesiastic was *Escobar*. It is curious to see the *Escobar* of Pascal engaged in all these crooked affairs, and intrusted by Philip II. with the office of deciphering the despatches of his spies. Group these five figures, *Escobar*, Philip II., the princess, Ruy Gomez, the secretary in love, and you will compose an unequalled picture, to which nothing is wanting but a painter. Whilst Don Juan was victorious at a distance, the men placed near him by Philip II., under the title of privy councillors, were, as may be supposed, the objects of the monarch's special choice or anxious attention. The least preference on their part, real or apparent, in favour of Don Juan, determined their real. Thus Don Juan de Soto was replaced by *Escovedo*, his enemy. The latter, a crafty man, with great support at court, had denounced Soto as too much attached to the hero of Lepauto. Under this appearance of devotion to Philip II., *Escovedo* hoped to make his fortune rapidly, to deceive the eternal suspicions of the crowned brother, and actively serve the interests of the bastard. He presumed too far. Whilst he played with Philip the part of spy

upon his brother, and with Don Juan that of a loyal councillor, Philip, assisted by the reverend Escobar and Perez, read in his cabinet of Aranjuez the secret messages of Escovedo to the court of Rome, and to the Duke of Guise, both soliciting in favour of Don Juan against Philip.

Philip broke out into no reproaches: Escovedo was not warned. He was summoned to Madrid, where he was kept under various pretexts, and where the king received him warmly, without, however, allowing him to return to Don Juan. Escovedo was at first astonished; he then understood the fate which was reserved him; observing closely the court, and the men who surrounded him, he easily discovered the intimacy between the secretary of state and the favourite. This discovery reassured him. He saw in it a chance of safety, and a powerful weapon. He hoped to chain to him by terror the private secretary, who was the most influential man in the kingdom. But at the same time Antonio Perez received two different confidences, and found himself intrusted with two singularly opposite affairs.

On one hand, Escovedo said to him, "You deceive the king—I know it. The princess loves you, and you love her: I have proofs of it. Thus you are at my mercy. Treat me well, and I will spare you. Defend me against my enemies—I will be your friend.

On the other hand, Philip, having decided to get rid of Escovedo without noise and without *éclat* (*sin juycio, y sin preceder prision*), said to Perez, "You will have that man destroyed, by whom and when you please, provided it is in secret. I command it."

One evening Escovedo was stabbed in the street. The assassins, engaged by Perez, paid by Philip, had wounded him mortally; an atrocious action, "which the code of absolute obedience to the king made a duty to me," says Perez; but which God avenged, and Antonio atoned for, by the calamities of his whole life. The latter, in his printed memoirs, confessing the murder, but without repentance and without scruples, imputes it entirely to his master, "who alone had an interest in it." This is not exact. Escovedo dead, freed Perez from too clear-sighted an observer, and too dangerous an enemy; the instrument, self-called a blind one, of the royal vengeance was also the artizan of his own security. But, to judge with perfect equity this bloody obedience of Perez, it is necessary to consider the situation he had created for himself: the threats of Escovedo, his talents and audacity, the knowledge which the young secretary had acquired of the character of Philip, the reports which had already spread respecting the connection between the favourite and the secretary of state—finally, all the terror and danger of the moment, the authority of a royal command, which no one resisted, and the impending ruin of the princess and Antonio.

The murder of Escovedo, which seemed to place Perez out of all danger, hastened his ruin. The family of the victim rose up, and public curiosity sought for those to whom the death of the murdered man could be productive of any advantage. The raillery which Escovedo had indulged in on the loves of the secretary and the favourite was remembered; public opinion designated those two persons. The king's spies brought him these reports. The situation of Perez then suddenly changed. Philip's suspicions blazing up at the testimony of his spies and the public report, he recognised the treble fraud with which his mistress, his courtier, and his confidant had surrounded him. These three persons, whom it was necessary to be rid of, possessed so many royal secrets that they could not be destroyed together and at one blow. Philip waited, and of all these personages—so passionate, so crafty, so ardent, and so formidable,—he was not the least embarrassed.

The son and widow of the deceased demanded vengeance; Perez demanded protection against his accusers; the calumniated princess insisted on reparation. The Escovedos wanted permission to drag the murderer to justice. Antonio Perez, when accused, reminded Philip that the murderer was the king, and the favourite did not comprehend the coldness and hatred which had succeeded so

much love. To the supplicating letters of Perez, Philip replied by equivocal notes proving his embarrassments:—"I hope it will go no further . . . I hope that all will end well . . . *Meanwhile, take care of yourself . . .*" All these original letters of Philip profoundly characterise him, and they must be placed among the most curious monuments of modern history. It is worth seeing with what infinite patience the king prepares his revenge, opposing to the princess nothing but coldness—to Antonio Perez nothing but enigmatical words and embarrassment; persuading them both to silence, appearing willing to reconcile them with their enemies, and getting by means of cunning out of the difficulty into which he had fallen; employing to conduct all this intrigue his confessor, Fray Diego de Chaves, the same who had led Don Carlos to death; and finishing by throwing the haughty favourite who had deceived him into a fortress, and Antonio Perez into prison. But Perez's imprisonment was not a harsh one; Philip was too prudent to irritate the possessor of so formidable a secret. The king appeared to yield to the demands of the Escovedos. Everything led the secretary of state to believe that the king fulfilled the obligations of a painful situation, and endeavoured to dispel, by in a measure serving it, the anger of the offended family. Antonio's office was preserved to him—his friends visited him—he was only watched in his own house. During eight months things went on thus. During this apparent clemency, an action was noiselessly drawing up against Perez, quite apart from the accusation of murder, and relating to other points of a very slight nature, which were perverted from their true sense—transformed into state crimes—and sentenced with pecuniary and corporal punishments, without the smallest regard to the lightness of the charges. Philip II. killed his adversary with the greatest mildness; he bled him to death without appearing to touch him, by opening the smallest possible vein. Antonio perceived it; he raised his voice—his prison was made more severe. He fled—took sanctuary in a church—and was torn from it. His wife, then pregnant, was thrown into a dungeon. In order to subdue him entirely, he was put to the torture. At that very moment the king, in a little note, wrote to him *to have courage; that he would not be abandoned; that all would go better; and especially to mind and not confess that Escovedo had been killed by his order.* But the blindest must have opened their eyes to Philip's intentions. Antonio declared to the people who tortured him that he had commanded the murder, but by the express order of the king; that he still possessed the proofs of it; that more than a hundred letters from the king to him and from him to the king, all annotated and commented on by the latter, remained in his possession; that the venerable Escobar, who had deciphered Escovedo's letters, knew it likewise; and that he invoked in favour of his veracity—in favour of an involuntary confession, wrung from him by so much suffering, the judgment of God and men.

It would have been absurd to await after that the results of royal vengeance. Dona Joana Coello, his wife, who displayed heroic constancy throughout her husband's persecutions, assisted him to escape from prison. A friend—Gil de Mesa—cleared the road for him. At nine at night he met the alguazils in the street, spoke to them, and was not recognised. At last he reached the frontiers of Arragon, a kingdom still free, though under monarchical authority, and the first privilege of which obliges the king himself to submit to the authority of local laws. Whilst the gates of Saragossa opened to him, and offered him an asylum, his daughter, his infant children, and his wife—eight months advanced in pregnancy—were thrown into a dungeon. Notwithstanding his habitual dissimulation, Philip II. betrayed a fierce anxiety. He had neither been able to kill the secret nor the master of the secret. His *fool*, warranted by his office, exclaimed as he sat down to dinner—

"Why are you so sad, father? Antonio Perez has escaped; everybody rejoices at it; rejoice likewise."

The king tried by turns indulgence and cruelty. He set at liberty, for some days, Dona Joana and Dona Gregoria, the wife and daughter of Perez. One

should read in the elegant narrative of Perez the heroic scenes of more than tragic depth and energy, which passed between these women and Antonio's persecutors. Dona Joana had some relations, nuns in the Dominican convent at Madrid. She knew that the king's confessor, one of the principal instigators of the persecution (Fray Diego de Chaves), was to be there on a certain day, and she awaited him there, as he passed before the high altar of the church. She stopped him, reminded him of the promise he had often made to save Perez, demanding justice with loud cries; representing to him the atrocity and injustice of which her husband was the victim. "But he remained deaf," says Antonio, "for his soul was deaf." "Then seeing the Holy Sacrament on the altar, and turning towards it, 'God,' said she, 'thou who seest and hearest everything, I demand justice of this man—justice of this iniquity—justice and testimony in my favour!' The priest remained pale and dumb, as if thunderstruck; and after a few moments' stupor he exclaimed—'Let the mother prioress and the principal persons of the convent be called, and let them all come.' When they were assembled, every one approached the grating of the choir, and the priest protested before them of the efforts he had made with the king, of his good will to Perez, and of his powerlessness in constraining the royal will. But (it is Antonio who speaks) there is no master in the world like grief and fidelity. Joana replied to the confessor, 'What you can do? I will tell you: refuse him absolution, and retire to your cell until he performs justice. You will be greater there than you are here. You are the confessor, the king is guilty, I am offended; and though he has a crown on his head, I tell you you are more powerful than he is!' The confessor was silent; truth strikes dumb."

Such are the words of Antonio Perez, whose entire narrative is stamped with this energetic grandeur. But let us return to his history.

Perez had rightly guessed that the Arragonese people, jealous of its liberty, discontented with Philip, would defend with their blood the life of the man who demanded their protection. Philip and his ministers plotted several intrigues to detach Perez from his new protectors—and it was in vain. Witnesses suborned, money scattered, diplomatists set to work, only irritated the public mind. Antonio Perez soon became the true head of the people in an insurrection. The Inquisition, to serve the king's interests, endeavoured to seize him, and removed him into the ancient palace of the Moorish kings, L'Aljufera, which had become its palace. Heaps of wool were placed around the Aljufera, which the people threatened to burn if Antonio Perez was not restored to them. He was brought back in triumph to the house he occupied; and all the citizens armed in favour of justice and the exile. His domains and revenues were confiscated; he was fed by the people. "A fruit woman, whose gown," he says, "had more darts in it than pieces of the original material, and more children than her gown had darts, sold her apples and oranges two yards from my house. She brought me regularly every day a basket of fruit; and I was much astonished to find one morning, under the fruit, ten *reals*, doubtless the only ones she possessed." The alcaides put to flight or killed—the vice king forced to submit to the popular law—the gates and ramparts guarded by young men, left the king no other means of quelling the rebellion than by sending an army against them. Perez mounted on horseback with his faithful friend, Gilde Mesa, and retired, as the Spaniards say, "on the mountain." He afterwards reappeared at Saragossa; but soon, on the approach of Philip's army, Perez and his friend were obliged to live a second time under the shelter of the neighbouring rocks. From thence he passed into France, staid some time at Pau, where Catharine of Bourbon received him very kindly, and went to see Henri Quatre, who enjoyed his conversation, his talent, and experience, and gave him a pension. He then travelled to England—obtained the protection of Elizabeth and the friendship of the Earl of Essex; and spent the rest of his life at Paris, busy editing and publishing his memoirs, curious on more than one account, and which became universally popular.

MAXIMILIAN ROBESPIERRE:

HIS LIFE AND OPINIONS.*

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER III.—ROBESPIERRE AT VERSAILLES—IN PARIS—AND IN THE ASSEMBLY.

To me nothing would be more delightful than to follow step by step the career of this remarkable man, to whom historians and critics generally are beginning to do a tardy meed of justice;† the intimate and private life, the inner man as it were, paints the historic picture far more completely than the public life alone. To know Robespierre at the Convention, at the Jacobins, in the committees, is to know but the results; it is in his correspondence, in his private existence, that we come at the man. I have lately been favoured with the perusal of a MS.—the result of thirty years' labour—in which much interesting matter is given on this eminent democrat. My limits, however, compel me to be brief; in another place I hope to bring this personage, and others of the same period, fully before the British public.‡

It is impossible properly to comprehend Robespierre, unless the French revolution and its causes be familiar as household words to the reader's mind. There are many events and acts in his life, which demand an intimate acquaintance with the spirit of the times. Society corrupted by a nobility whose men were satyres, whose women were Messalinas; to whom debauchery was life—a people ignorant, hungry, and wretched, was not to be regenerated as an aviary of sucking doves might have been. A storm was necessary, and as a writer expresses it, so earnest were Robespierre and other republicans to efface the past, and raise France in the scale of nations, that they sacrificed their reputations on the national altar, rather than not complete their task. Such stern and earnest patriotism is only to be understood by the dreadful position of France, and is very different from the soft and silky devotion of Lafayette and the other middle-class men, who shrank alarmed and horror-struck when they saw that the working classes were bent on obtaining the same rights which the first leaders of the revolution intended should be monopolised by the shopocracy.

Whenever a country, by misgovernment, by bankruptcy, by speculation, by the universal corruption of public and private morals, by the total destruction of religious feeling, is reduced to the position of France in 1789, either it must fall, as did the prodigious fabric of the Roman empire, or it must find men to shake and rouse it, as did the patriots of the revolution.

When the assembly met, their task was rude. The country was without laws, taxation was an arbitrary attribute of the sovereign, the aristocracy, by their crimes too horrible to be alluded to, had demoralised the nation; the Regent and Louis XV. had introduced a state of things on a par with the life of the brute creation—the clergy were a political and idle body, wholly bent

* Continued from page 93.

† See the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* for an able sketch of the character of Robespierre, which is remarkable as an unwilling tribute to his greatness. France swarms with pamphlets about him. I have just received "*Le Robespierre de M. de Lamartine*," par Fabien Pillet, and I have the prospectus of "*Robespierre et la Reforme electorale*" par M. Lambert.

‡ In "*A History of the French Revolution*," the commencement of which will appear before the expiration of many months.

on pleasure; the highest dignitaries outraged decency itself in their criminal practices. What the people were, need not be inquired into; they are always the creatures, in monarchies, of the great. Their crimes during the revolution rest on the heads of the kings and nobles who corrupted them, and the priests who abandoned their flocks to revel in vice;* or rather the whole was a judgment of an indignant God on the most vile and sensual upper class which ever existed.

Robespierre found himself a young man, a member of the first parliament of his native land. He was ambitious, as are all men above the ordinary calibre—vulgar, and mediocre minds will always be found decrying ambition, too vast a passion for their comprehension—but surrounded by men of genius, some popular, some not, the obscure lawyer, unknown in Paris, was unseen at first. But while others were talking, he was learning. The opening of the States general, the insolence of the nobles, the splendid oratorical displays of Mirabeau, Sieyes, &c., the imprudence of the king, the folly of Marie Antoinette, the guilty treachery of the court, the conspiracy to stifle the parliament, the famous *Serment du Jeu de Paume*, the dismissal of Necker, the insurrection of Paris on the 14th July, the taking of the Bastille—all passed without an attempt on the part of Robespierre to speak. Other and popular men occupied universal attention. But on the 20th July Lally Tolendal imagined a proclamation calling on all good citizens to order, lauding the king for his good intentions, and treating rather severely those who had risen to punish the enemies of their country. The deputy for Arras could now no longer remain silent, and we read in the *Moniteur* †—

“M. Robespierre: It is well to love peace, but liberty should also not be forgotten. Let us first analyse the motion of M. Lally. It begins by expressing an opinion against those who have defended liberty. But what is more legitimate than to rise against a horrible conspiracy, organised for the ruin of the country? . . . Let us do nothing with precipitation; how can we be sure that the enemies of the state are for ever disgusted with intrigue?”

Robespierre's first speech is thus made to defend the conquerors of the Bastille, and the other wretched populations of France, who, starved, through the fault of a reckless government, rose in pure desperation against their oppressors. And in those days nothing more thankless could be conceived than to defend the masses. Mirabeau, Sieyes, the Lameths, Lafayette—all these men were devoted, as I have urged, exclusively to the middle classes; as were the whole of that brilliant but impracticable party known as the Girondins.

In this instance Robespierre was listened to, the motion being only adopted several days after, with great modifications. The revolutionary impulse continued in Paris. A number of letters, compromising great personages, were seized in the possession of M. de Castelnau, and much noise was made about violating the secrets of correspondence. Robespierre then, as ever, urged that no measures should be kept with conspirators, for such conduct was treason to the people. His opinion of Necker, then at the acme of his popularity, was also openly expressed. He called him the sentimental banker, and could never understand the patriotism of a man who “swam in gold” while the masses were starving.

“When he arrived at Versailles,” says the author of “Memoirs,” “he knew in the assembly but his colleagues of Artois. A stranger to those in power, he had no connection with them, nor any desire to form any. Nevertheless there was

* Most valuable information on the causes of the French revolution will be found in “Memoires tirees des Archives de la police de Paris, pour servir a l'histoire de la morale, et de la police, depuis Louis XIV., a nos jours,” par J. Peuchet, archiviste de la Police. It will be seen by this work, that the fiends and furies of the guillotine were white as lambs beside the monarchs, nobles, and priests whose lives are laid bare by the police.

† “Hist., Parl., de la Rev. F.” vol. II., p. 145.

among the ministers a man, whose popularity was such, that he could without any suspicion of corruption frequent his saloons. This was Necker. He saw him, and was received with the ceremonious politeness of a man who thinks himself very far above the homage paid to him."

While at Versailles Robespierre joined the Breton Club, formed by a number of moderate revolutionists, and which served to keep them together. From this there off-shot the great Jacobin Club. He also wrote for the *Union*, a democratic paper.

In the Assembly he continued to be active. Efforts were on one occasion made to save some men guilty of the most atrocious conspiracies against France. Mirabeau called upon the Assembly to punish them, and Robespierre supported him. "Would you," said he, "calm the people?—then speak to them the language of calmness and reason. Let them be sure that its enemies shall not escape the vengeance of the laws, and sentiments of justice will succeed to those of hatred."

Still the part he took in the discussions was yet insignificant. The revolutionary impulse had not yet been communicated to the legislature. During the night of the 4th of August, when the last remnant of expiring feudalism was voted defunct by acclamation, he was silent. During the long discussion of the Constitution, no opinion of his is recorded until the liberty of the press was mooted. He then said: "You should not hesitate frankly to declare the liberty of the press. It is never the attribute of free men to pronounce their right in an ambiguous manner; every modification should be rejected from the Constitution. Despotism alone imagined restrictions, and it is thus that it succeeded in attenuating our rights. . . . There is not a tyrant on earth who would not sign the article modified as is that that has been presented to you. The liberty of the press is an inseparable part of the right to freely communicate one's thoughts." But the Assembly was still ruled by the moderates, and full liberty to the press was not allowed. During the long discussion on the Constitution he seldom spoke; but when the article taxation was discussed, he addressed the Assembly in favour of this power residing wholly in the hands of the people.* And again, on the 28th August, he tried to address them on a point of form; but though backed by Mirabeau, was put down by clamour.† But the Palais Royal patriots, the politicians of the celebrated Café Foy, the Parisians in general were fermenting, and the revolutionary movement gained ground. Until the people are powerful Robespierre must remain silent; for who can listen to the young lawyer, when for the same money they can hear princes, viscounts, earls, and other nobles? But still his speech on the royal veto was not without effect. I extract a curious passage:—

"Do not quote the example of England. . . . I will not tell you that the French nation, at liberty to choose for their country a constitution worthy of her and of the enlightenment of the age, need not servilely copy an institution born in days of ignorance, of necessity, and during the wars of factions. . . . I would tell you that your nation, placed in difficult circumstances, is not capable of supporting the essential vice of the English constitution, which England herself recognises, and which would necessarily stifle French liberty in its cradle. The English have admirable civil laws which temper to a certain point the inconveniences of their political laws; yours were dictated by the genius of despotism, and you have not reformed them. The situation of England exempts her from the necessity of keeping up those immense military forces which render an executive so terrible to liberty; your position forces you to adopt this perilous precaution. Frequent revolutions, long and terrible combats between the nation and the king, have given the English a vigorous character, energetic habits, and that salutary suspicion which is the best safeguard of liberty. Perhaps it would be presumptuous to think that we, who have not gone through anything like so many trials, should have cured our-

* "Hist. Parl.," II., 344.

† *Ibid.*, p. 347.

selve wholly of that lightness of character of which we have been hitherto suspected. Lastly, England has succeeded in escaping from *that hydra of Aristocracy, which fattens on the substance of the people*, and prides itself in its own humiliation; among us it still lives; it holds up its hundred thousand heads, all menacing, and meditates new plots to re-establish power on the ruins of liberty, and perhaps on the vices of our dawning constitution."

In the latter part of this speech—which I am more anxious to quote as being very rare*—he shows great knowledge of his countrymen:—

"Lastly, such is the character and position of the French people, that an excellent constitution, by developing that public spirit and that energy which is premised by the remembrance of our long outrages, and the progress of enlightenment, may lead them in a short time to liberty; but in a vicious constitution one loophole left open to despotism and aristocracy must necessarily replunge them into a slavery the more indestructible that it will be cemented by the constitution itself."

Meanwhile, Lafayette, Bailly, and the other leaders of the Moderates had obtained a temporary dictatorship in Paris; they began by dissipating the political meetings in the Palais Royal, by dispersing the patriots of the Café Foy, by persecuting the journalists of the people—it was now Marat began to hide in a cellar—and to violently assault the starving mobs who collected round the butchers and bakers. But famine was at work and the emigration had already begun—two things which exasperated the people, and with the treachery of the court spoiled the peaceful flow of the revolution. Foreign troops were brought to Versailles to intimidate the Parliament, the king was to fly to Metz and dissolve the assembly, and all the rest of that mad conspiracy of Marie Antoinette, Louis XVIII., and Charles X., as they were to be called, was made apparent. Hence the days of the 5th and 6th October, which began the terrible career of the revolution. The chief leaders of these days were Camille Desmoulins, Danton, Marat, and others; but Robespierre, quietly residing at Versailles, had nothing to do with these scenes of violence and disorder, the natural result, however, of the baseness of those in high places.†

It is probable that had the revolution been allowed by the Court to take its original course, as it would have triumphed in a quiet and reasonable manner, so would the democratic party have remained in their original obscurity. The conspiracies of the Court, the famine which resulted from panic and the infamous system of the *accapareurs*,‡ were with the stern patriotism of such men as Robespierre, the first elements of their popularity. While others were courting the king, or the middle classes, Robespierre always stood up for the people; and though he had nothing to do with the days of the 5th and 6th October, still it cannot be doubted, he, with all other extreme men, rejoiced at an event which placed the Assembly under the safeguard of the people in Paris.

In Paris! Robespierre was now in his element. There he had the materials at hand for fulfilling the cherished hope of his soul. As has truly been said, he was as sincere a political fanatic as ever Luther was a religious; and here he could see the people in all their misery, and be kept alive in his patriotic intentions. But his time is not yet come, he takes little part in action. He, however, mixes with his fellow men, and particularly at Madame Roland's. Lamartine, who before he terminated his late singular work, learned to think better of Robespierre, thus sketches his life in Paris, shortly after the removal of the King and Legislature from Versailles. Premising that in my opinion Madame Roland did far more to spoil the revolution than Marat himself, not from

* It appears neither in the *Moniteur* nor the "Hist. Parl." I have it before me in a pamphlet corrected by Robespierre's own hand.

† See Lamartine's "Girondins," Henri Raissou, Louis Blanc, Michelet, and other recent histories.

‡ See "Hist. Parlem. de la revolution Francaise," vol. ii., pp. 480, &c. Also an extraordinary article in "*Les Francais sous la revolution*," p. 145.

wickedness, but because the Girondins were weak enough to be guided by her counsels, always fatal when not silly, I make an extract.

"There is a sinister curiosity to notice the first impression made on Madame Roland by the man who warned her bosom, and, conspiring with her, was one day to tear all power from the hands of her friends, immolate them in one mass, and send her to the scaffold.* No repulsive sentiment seemed to warn this woman that she was conspiring her own death, in conspiring to raise Robespierre. If she feels any vague fear, this fear is at once stifled by a pity akin to contempt. Robespierre appears to her an honest man. In favour of his principles, she forgives him his vile language and his fastidious manner." These are faults which Lamartine afterwards denies. "Robespierre, like every man with a fixed idea, with one ruling thought, was a bore. She remarked, moreover, that he was always meditative at these meetings, that he did not put himself forward, that he listened to all opinions before he promulgated his own, which he gave without taking the trouble to give any reasons. Like all inferior men, his conviction appeared sufficient reason."†

But in the Assembly he was more active. On the 5th of October he had denounced the King's reply as evasive and unconstitutional; on the 8th he proposed, amidst screams of laughter, the following *formula* for the promulgation of laws. "Louis, by the grace of God and by the will of the nation, King of the French, to all the citizens of the French empire: People, this is the law which your representatives have made, and to which I have attached the royal seal."‡ On the 21st we find him expressing himself as follows:—"The deputies of the commune have now drawn an afflicting picture; they have asked for bread and soldiers. Those who have watched the revolution have foreseen the point to which we have now come; they foresaw that food would be wanting, that you would be pointed out to the people as their only resource; they foresaw that terrible situations would require you to ask for violent measures; that at the same time they may immolate you and liberty. They ask for bread and soldiers; that is to say, the people in crowds ask for bread—give us soldiers to disperse the people."§

On the 22nd Robespierre, true to his mission as a friend of the people, spoke as follows, on the question of qualifications for an elector:—"Every citizen, no matter who he may be, has every right to pretend to every degree of representation. Nothing is more in conformity with your declaration of rights, before which every privilege, every distinction, every exception, should disappear. The Constitution establishes that sovereignty resides in the people, and in every individual of the people. Every individual has then a right to concur in the law by which he is obliged, and in the administration of public affairs which are his own; if not, it is untrue that all men are equal before the law, that every man is a citizen. If he who only pays taxes equivalent to a day's labour has less rights than he who pays taxes equivalent to three days' labour, he who pays the value of ten days has far more right than he who pays but three; hence he who has a hundred thousand francs income has a hundred times as many rights as he who has only a thousand francs. It results from your decrees, that every citizen has a right to concur in making the laws; and hence he may be elected, and eligible as a member, without distinction of fortune."||

This neat and clear statement at once separated Robespierre from the Girondins, those delicate republicans, who feared the contact of the people, and who desired to overthrow the monarchy for the benefit of the middle classes. Between an electoral qualification—which then, as now, in France, would have

* This is a summary decision of the whole question. Lamartine afterwards allows that Robespierre suffered these things, but did not cause them.

† "Girondins," vol. ii., pp. 35, 36, 37, &c.

‡ "Hist. Parl." iii., 140.

§ "Hist. Parl. Rev. F.," iii., 201.

|| "Parl. Hist.," iii., 213.

made representation a farce—and the universal suffrage of Robespierre, lay the cause of his popularity and their fall. In this also lies the secret of much of the opprobrium cast on the memory of the Member for Arras. An advocate of universal suffrage, one who believes a man to be a man, no matter if he wear fustian or velvet, will never be popular with pamphleteers and placemen; they prefer the Girondins, Brissot, the libeller, Louvet and Lacroix, the debauched and profligate novelists—Mirabeau, stained by every vice—Buzot, Barbaroux, hot-headed and vain enthusiasts, who spouted patriotism in parlours—Vergneaud, the splendid dreamer,—to the actors, to the stern and earnest Robespierre, St. Just and Lebar, who pursued the cause of the people, through good and evil report, to the guillotine.

The Assembly was now divided into three very marked bodies—the Patriots (Montagnards and Girondins), the Moderates, and the Aristocrats. Of the first were all the great names of these days, amongst whom the Mountain, so great afterwards, were scarce noticed, hidden by the splendid talents of their showy rivals. The nobles, however, by the fatal emigration, were strengthening every hour the hands of the revolution. This wicked desertion of their country was the cause of much after crime. Robespierre demanded that all passports should be refused. During the course of the months of November, December, and January, he spoke in favour of the admission of Jews and actors to the rights of citizenship, for the admission of Corsica to a department of France, and took part also in very many other debates. But before entering into the interesting detail of the private life of Robespierre at this period, I must give the whole of one speech, which is an answer to many of the charges brought against him. If he did not succeed in carrying his measure the blame rests not with him, but with the Assembly, which left a law in force which the revolution subsequently made such terrible use of.

“The news being brought to Athens that certain citizens had been condemned to death in the City of Argos, the people hurried to the temple, and there conjured the gods to avert from the Athenians such cruel and fatal thoughts. I come here to pray, not the gods, but the legislators, who should be the organs and interpreters of the eternal laws which the Divinity has dictated to man, to efface from the code of France those bloody laws which ordain judicial murders, and which are wholly in opposition to our new constitution and habits. I wish to prove that the punishment of death is essentially unjust—that it is not the most efficacious of punishments, and that it multiplies crimes far more than it represses them. Without the pale of civilised society, let a furious enemy seek my life—or twenty times repulsed, still persevere in ravaging the field which my hands have cultivated—since I can only oppose my individual powers to his, I must slay him or perish; the law of self-defence justifies and approves me. But in society, when the force of all is armed against one, what principle of justice can authorise us to put him to death? What necessity can absolve us? A conqueror who slays his captive enemies is called a barbarian. A man who murders an infant, whom he can disarm and punish, appears a monster. A criminal, whom society condemns, is to her at most a vanquished and powerless enemy; he is before her more feeble than an infant before a man. Thus, in the eyes of truth and justice, these scenes of death which we order with so much pomp are nothing but cowardly assassinations—nothing but solemn crimes, committed not by individuals, but by whole nations, under the sanction of legal forms. But however cruel and extravagant may be laws, be not astonished at them. They are the work of a few tyrants; they are the chains which crush humanity; they are the arms with which they subjugate it; they were written with blood. ‘It is illegal to put a Roman citizen to death.’ Such was the law as made by the people; but Sylla triumphs, and says, ‘All those who have carried arms against me are worthy of death.’ Octavius and his companions confirmed this law. Under Tiberius, to have praised Brutus was a crime worthy of death. Caligula condemned to death those who had been sacrilegious enough to undress before the image of the emperor. When tyranny had

invented crimes of high treason, always either trifles or heroisms, who dared even think of a punishment less than death? When fanaticism, born of the monstrous union of ignorance and despotism, invented, in its turn, crimes of high treason against Heaven—when, in its delirium, it conceived the idea of avenging God himself, was it not necessary to offer up blood also, and drag the Divinity down to a level with those monsters whom they called his images? ‘The punishment of death is necessary,’ say the partisans of the antique and barbarous routine; ‘without it there is no check sufficiently powerful over crime.’ Who has told you so? Have you calculated all the springs by which penal laws can act on human sensibility? Alas! before death how much physical and moral suffering cannot a man endure! The desire of life gives way to pride, the most imperious of all the passions which master the heart of man—the most terrible of all punishments for social man is opprobrium, is the crushing testimony of public execration. When the Legislature can attain the citizen on so many sides, and in so many ways, why must we think the punishment of death necessary? Punishment was not intended to torture the guilty, but to prevent crime by fear of its being incurred. The legislator who prefers death, and other atrocious *peines*, to the gentler means in his power, outrages public delicacy, blunts the moral sentiment of the people he governs, like the skillless tutor, who, by the frequent use of severe chastisement, brutalises and degrades the soul of his pupil; in fine, he wears out and weakens the springs of government by too much tension. The legislator who adopts this punishment renounces the salutary principle that the most efficacious mode of repressing crime is to adopt the *peines* to the character of the different passions which have produced them, and to punish them, as it were, by themselves. He confounds all ideas—he troubles all connection, and openly violates the very end of penal laws. You say that the punishment of death is necessary? If so, how is it that many nations have done without it?—by what fatality have these people been the wisest, the most happy, and the freest? If the punishment of death tend to prevent great crimes, there where it has been nurtured they will of course be rarest. It is precisely the contrary. See Japan. Nowhere has the punishment of death and executions been more frequent; and nowhere are crimes more rife or more atrocious. One would think that the Japanese sought to rival in ferocity the barbarous laws which outrage and irritate them. The republics of Greece,* where punishments were more moderate, where the punishment of death was infinitely rare or absolutely unknown, offered they the spectacle of more crimes or less virtues than countries governed by laws of blood? Think you that Rome was soiled by more guilt when, in the days of her glory, the Porcian law annihilated the severe punishments instituted by the kings and decemvirs, than she was when Sylla revived them, and when under the emperors the rigour of the law was on a par with their infamous tyranny? Has Russia been ruined since the despot who governs it has abolished the punishment of death, as if he wished to expiate by this act of humanity and philosophy the crime of keeping so many millions of men beneath the yoke of absolute power? Listen to the voice of justice and reason. . . . If you had imagined the most perfect judicial proceedings—had you discovered the most enlightened and just of judges, there will always remain room for error and prejudice. Why deny yourself the means of repairing them?—why render it impossible for you to hold out your hands to succour oppressed innocence?”

If afterwards Robespierre, under the influence of the revolution, with all Europe thundering at the door of France—with traitors everywhere—with the *élite* of the country in arms against the children of the soil—with baseness and cowardice everywhere,—struggling to preserve France from the curse of tyranny, made terrible use of death, the fault lies with those who left him the power. Robespierre asked the Legislature to remove the punishment of death from the statute book—the Legislature refused. When ruling France, without an hour’s

* See “Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece,” by James Augustus St. John.

safety for his life, he seized the weapon which the law had insisted on leaving him. Some say that he used it recklessly—others that he did his best on all occasions to prevent bloodshed; unlike the tiger Marat, who revelled in sanguinary acts.*

THE GRUMBLER.

BY A RETIRED FIELD OFFICER.

I CANNOT stand this infernal nuisance longer. If not "used up" I am *ground out* regularly. May the curse of Cromwell attend the first inventor of street organs! In boyhood, I venerated the ponderous instrument that bore the name. Grand in its own magnitude, and all around in noble keeping, as it thundered its "deep diapason" through "fretted arch" and pillared aisle, while the glorious inspirations of that mighty master Handel, issuing from its massive pipes, happily accorded with the holy dome it volumed over. Could they find no other name for the beastly box with which that saffron-faced vagabond disturbs the whole community?

There is a railway surveyor lodging over me on the next floor, and an elderly gentlewoman, of decided piety, located in the parlours. Between both, I am in that pleasant position which sailors irreverently describe as being between "the devil and the deep sea." The railway man has come to town about his bubble, and brought a blowsy wife to collect the fashions and view the wax-works. An idiotic country girl and an over-fed two-year-old complete the party. When he of the theodolite proceeds matulinally to the office of Messieurs Scamptington, Solicitors to the Do-em-brown Grand Junction with the Swindlesex, and before himself and his tin case have rounded the next corner, a swarthy scoundrel in a conical hat advances, takes post beneath my window, and rests his mahogany abomination on a staff. At the first revolution of the handle, up go the sash frames of the second floor. *Madame Mere* occupies one window, and the fat child and idiot nurse take possession of the other. "The minstrel boy" opens with *Nora Creena*, and the butcher's ditto—first shop round the corner—at the second bar, grounds his meat-tray, and producing a couple of mutton-bones, accompanies the foreign *artiste*. The *Polka* succeeds: and the next musical offering is made to the pious lady in the parlour by the performance of the 139th psalm! What a pleasing relief to an ear already half distracted, and what exhilarating reminiscences are brought to memory by a tune, with which for the last century, every private soldier who issued feet-foremost from a barrack-gate has been played to the next grave-yard! The duet is interrupted—the knight of the cleaver has taken alarm at the well-known clatter of his apprentice's castanets, and steals slyly round the corner, whip in hand. The doubled lash springs from the back of the young musician, the psalm ends in a yell of consternation, as, catching up his tray, the artist upon bones levants at speed, before a second visitation of the whipcord can be administered by his master. The morning concert ends with "Tow! row! row!" From the parlour window, the lady of decided piety rewards psalm 139 with a penny, but "Tow, row, row" secures a double offering from the second floor. With an air of defiance, I scorned a retreat from the casement of the first floor, and the ululation of the Neophyte was indeed "music to mine ear." Unabashed by a look that

* In the concluding chapter I shall briefly sketch "Robespierre at Home—Robespierre in the Jacobin—and Robespierre in power." To paint minutely every act of his life, would occupy the *Mirror* pages during several years. For my part I should not be weary, but I doubt the patience of my readers.

spoke daggers, the organ-grinder addressed to me an "oh! messieur," and though a scowl dark as Erebus answered the entreaty, he walked away provokingly impassive. The Irish and the Savoyards are a patient, long-suffering, and persecuted race. God help them! Like Saxon repudiation of her Celtic debts, everybody owes money to these industrious minstrels, and instead of clearing off the score, nobody will admit the claim. * * *

"To what uses may we not return," I thought, as I looked at the parti-coloured scaramouch in Astley's arena, and asked myself, whether Heaven had ever created a Merry-Andrew? All there, was now, as it had been half a century before. The clown was perpetrating atrocious pleasantries, and the master of the circle flogging him for the same. "Blessed Mary can it be?" There, and in the flesh too, stands the identical personage who regulated the ring the winter before I tilted at Waterloo! Thirty-two long years have passed; and in that long interval, how many a lean and slippered Pantaloon has thrown his last summerset! Yet there stands that septegenarian, raddled to the eyes, and to parody Moore's line, "the best wigg'd ass in Christendom." I pity him! Why should I? He is happy: nay, more than happy. Mark his smile of self-approval, as, in his own estimation, the "cynosure of wondering eyes," the antiquated hussar presents, front and rear, his simulated embroidery, as he follows the movements of the equestrian—the centre of his action being the centre of the saw-dust; while his adjunct fool tumbles occasionally over the area of the pit. His occupation is simple—like the upright shaft of a horse-mill, he *pirouettes* as the pie-bald goes round. Now stimulating a lazy horse to fresh exertion, and again, eliciting the season-jest of the wretched man, who pokes an elbow into his sides to inquire after his mother; and for that civility the pig-tailed wretch is rewarded with a lash.

And yet these mimes and fools are proverbially happy. Poor Simpson, *non men venerabile*; although Widdicomb might be his father, had the birth of either been traceable, laboured under a delusion that no one could enjoy a Vauxhall supper without a bow, hat in hand, and an inquiry were delivered "if all were right." See Baron Nathan, at Rosherville, as he leads out a Thames-street *debutante*—her first appearance in public and a polka. The Baron smiles a gracious encouragement to the neophyte, rectifies a false movement, leads her through the mazes of the dance, and returns the fair one to her mamma, who, with breathless anxiety has quivered as the Baron made the grand round, and now with triumphant exultation has seen all she hoped fully realised in the opening presentation to the *beau monde* of Miss Victoria Adeliza Smithers. * * *

I plead guilty to childhood of larger growth; admit a predilection for a pantomime, and enjoy its street row as heartily as any ten-year-old in the house. I do not object to a melo-drama, provided it has plenty of "startling situations" and ends with a "terrific combat." The domestic drama is my abhorrence, and were the choice permitted between a black draught and an act at one of the minors in which humble virtue is depicted, give me the former as the easier swallowed of the two. How truthful to nature is the beautiful delusion when one listens while a journeyman-carpenter out-sentimentalises the Prince of Denmark, and the artless innocencies of rustic purity issue from the lips of a lady with a complexion carmined by potatoes the reverse of "thin," and with an obesity of condition which indicate beyond dispute that her situation is an "interesting one."

There are two dramatic reminiscences for ever impressed upon my memory. John Kemble's* demand from within of "Who's there?" when Weazle knocks at his cottage door can never be forgotten. Accidental circumstances also made the impression lasting. It was the first time I had seen that glorious actor—or, I may add, any Thespian temple more extensive than the large room of a country hostelry. The second theatrical recollection was imprinted on my mind's

* Penruddock, in *The Wheel of Fortune*.

eye at the cattle-fair of Ballinasloe. Owenson was then the leader of a migratory troupe, whose histrionic exertions were generally confined to that pleasant district westward of the Shannon, called Connaught. On the opening night, I remember Lady Morgan sang a comic song, and her sister, Lady Clark, executed a sailor's hornpipe. The grand attraction of the night, however, was the tragedy of *Douglas*; Norval, by a young gentleman, his first appearance upon any stage.

Norval was an aspiring youth, who, disregarding the vulgar restrictions "which genius fetters" broke through parental authority and his indentures, and left the disconsolate grocer, his father, in Dublin-street, Athlone, to mourn over a till cleaned out and a lost heir. He hurried after the *corps dramatique*, with whose acting he had been fascinated, found them under canvass in the fair-green, presented himself as a recruit, and was received by all with open arms. Poor Owenson was rather short-handed at the time, for Lady Teazle was in the straw, and his leader in the heavy line snug in Bridewell under a strong suspicion of picking pockets. The stars of the company were thus placed in temporary eclipse, and as the young grocer would cost nothing, the manager considered him "a card:" while his having prudently robbed the till before he levanted endeared him to every member of the troupe.

The tragic trump in Jack Owenson's establishment was a Mrs. Montagu St. Clair, and, as was very natural for a mother to do, she immediately took charge of the living image of the murdered Douglas. Accommodation during the fair week is not to be had in Ballinasloe for love or money, and with maternal solicitude, she brought the young grocer to a sky-parlour in the suburbs, held in joint occupancy by herself, Glenalvon, Old Norval, a man who ate fire, and a dancing dog. The weather was not amiss for a Connaught September, and all bivouacked comfortably on the carpet,—the renegade grocer finding the supplies, while, in return, Mrs. Montague St. Clair was kinder to him than a bad step-mother—Glenalvon gave him valuable instructions in recitation—and the fire-eater with the dog, commenced with him a course of sleight of hand, after professionally pledging his word of honour that his pupil, the levanter, should throw a summerset within the fortnight!

"Cities are not built in a day," says an old saw, old as Rome itself, and a night upon a ragged carpet, during which three quarts of excellent whiskey among five have been fairly discussed, is not sufficient to perfect a young gentleman in stage business. "Nothing like leather in fortification," is a truism, and after an Irish set-to there is no balm like a hair of the dog that bit you; a *déjeune* of beef steaks was followed by a jug of *scalteeine*, which rendered the whole, save the runaway grocer, "right as a trivet." *Scalteeine* is the finest corroborative on earth for a Connaught stomach—everybody says that—but as a mnemonic, I never heard it celebrated. Glenalvon went out to post bills—old Norval, to try what he could do as a shipwrecked mariner—the dog-fancier had a morning engagement at a puppet-show—and Lady Randolph, with the pledge of her earliest affections, was left alone.

These attached relatives diversified their study from a tattered play, by rincing their throats occasionally with a little of the pure element, but to guard against internal inconvenience from the cold, Mrs. Montague St. Clair prudently introduced what she termed a *sketch* of spirits to the water, "merely to take the colour of death from the same." Evening advanced, and would that the study of Young Norval had progressed with the march of time. His courage and memory had failed together, and to restore both, Lady Randolph, as the trying hour drew near, made an alteration in the admixture, diminishing the water, but increasing the *sketches* considerably.

The curtain rose, and her ladyship was discovered in great distress, leaning against a side scene. The soliloquy commenced, and her affecting appeal to the

* This elegant preparation is peculiar to the kingdom of Connaught. It consists of fresh butter, black pepper, an onion, and a pint of whiskey. These ingredients are boiled together and bolted by the patient—the hotter the better.

"woods and wilds," was sorely interrupted by an obstinate hiccough. "Spake plain!" cried one gentleman in the pit. "Come forward!" shouted another. Now attention to the first request the lady found impossible, and compliance with the second would have been particularly imprudent. "She's blind drunk," observed a personage in the stage-box. "It's only the grief that's choking the creature," returned another; "Give her another cropper, and it will put her right," said a third; while, amidst a general chorus of "Manager!" and "music!" Mrs. Montague St. Clair was dragged behind the fly, O.P., while Mr. Owenson came on from P.S., to apologise for Lady Randolph's "sudden indisposition." "Oh! holy Moses! what a wopper!" ejaculated an old woman: "Draw it mild, Owenson," said another of the audience. "Have ye anybody in the house that has the use of their tongues?" inquired another. "Give us 'The night before Larry was stretched!' or send your daughter out to dance a jig!" "Ladies and gentlemen! for Heaven's sake let the tragedy proceed," said the manager, submissively. "Where the devil is the use of more gammon?" responded one of the dissentients; "don't you see Glenalvon can't stand?" Some groaned, others applauded, boys whistled, the unhappy manager implored indulgence. At last, the tempest lulled, and while wet towels were wrapped round Lady Randolph's head behind the scenes in the faint hope of restoring her to partial sobriety, her son and his putative father were brought into the presence of her lord.

Little did Mr. Owenson imagine that in his disinterested attempt to bring youthful talent into notice he was perpetrating, as far as property went, an act of *felo-de-se*. Old Norval bowed gracefully to the haughty baron, and his son, who stood at the slip, in mortal fear and stupified by liquor, was pushed on from behind, and desired to give an account of himself. Alas! a young gentleman who had forgotten his own name could give Lord Randolph but little information touching his birth, parentage, and education. He stared wildly round, attempted to stammer what the prompter very audibly directed him to repeat, but *vox in faucibus hesit*! "Oh, blur an nouns!" exclaimed a voice from the stage-box; "the son is drunker than his mother. The ould woman could have got on, barring the hiccough; but that devil can't spake at all, at all. Give him in charge."

This was the fatal signal for a renewal of hostilities, and

"The war that for a time did fail,
Now, doubly thundering, swelled the gale,
And Norval was the cry!"

A riot, in Ireland, would at any time draw more money than a tragedy: all was rife for one, and a mischievous boy, who, by happy foresight, had come provided with a dead cat, discharged the same at such of the *dramatis personæ* as still held the boards. With dramatic licence, the property-man had represented the "melancholy gloom" of a Highland forest, by a finely-executed back-scene, depicting Nelson receiving his death wound on the quarter-deck of the Victory! The cat shaved Lord Randolph's head, passed clean through the expiring hero of the Nile, and lodged in the maternal bosom of Mrs. Montague St. Clair, who was a patient under water-cure, immediately in the rear of the wounded admiral. A shower of apples, turf, potatoes, stools, and other missiles succeeded, while by tearing away a principal supporter, the canvass roof, and not the curtain, fell on a crowded and delighted audience.

The men swore awfully, as they used to swear in Flanders, and "murder! murder!" was responded from the fair sex. Although but a young soldier then, "coming events had thrown their shadows before," and when I saw the two fiddlers who composed the orchestra, to preserve their Cremonas from certain destruction, bundling out in double quick, I quietly slipped away, and evading the ruin that the fall of the roof entailed upon my brother Philistines, witnessed the catastrophe from a slit in the canvass that formed the grand entrance to the Theatre Royal. Under a shower of turfs and potatoes, the side scene which ex-

hibited Dennis Brulgruddery's residence, "the Red Cow," was quickly annihilated, and its *vis-a-vis*—a Chinese temple—sank beneath the cannonade. With one sweep of his cudgel a Connemara gentleman removed the foot-lights. "A cry of women" behind the scenes succeeded, darkness followed, the chief tent-pole was pulled away, and down came the roof, enveloping actors and audience under half an acre of wet canvass.

The scene that ended this dramatic entertainment can neither be imagined nor described. Cimmerian darkness and a dread of suffocation abolished ceremony altogether, as every man struggled lustily to emancipate himself from a most unexpected captivity. Each fancied that he was wilfully impeded by his neighbour; and amid smothered exclamations of "Where's my hat?" and "Mind your pocket!" a general *mêlée* ensued; all, with one accord, acted on the offensive; bosom friends pummelled each other without mercy; and affectionate fathers, could the agency be traced, might have dated a black eye to the first-born whom they loved. As they issued into daylight, divers couples who had been belligerent in the dark renewed hostilities when they could see each other and ascertain who had been their antagonist. The mob poured to the battle-ground in hundreds; and the retainers of ancient houses, perceiving a Capulet or Montague engaged, flew to the rescue, and the row became general. The better portion of valour I recollected; I had discretion, and retired to "mine inn;" and at breakfast next day was indebted to a young gentleman who had greatly distinguished himself, and had a raw steak bandaged over his eye, to remove the halo that surrounded it, for a faithful account of the termination of this Irish "passage-of-arms." From him—who might proudly boast *para fui*,—I learned that Mr. Owenson was utterly demolished; the *origo mali*, the young grocer, for robbing of the till, had been sent to the gaol of Galway; Mrs. Montague St. Clair was at present an occupant of the Bridewell; and, worse than all, the high-souled Lord Randolph in custody for being found in possession of a stolen—hat! Of the battle statistics no return could be obtained. There were a few collar-bones displaced, and black eyes and broken heads were altogether beyond enumeration.

"I have," said this pleasant gentleman, "visited Ballinasloe since I was sixteen, and I think I am a tolerable judge of a *raal rookawn* : * may the curse of Cromwell light upon young Norval and his mother! Between them they kicked up a row not equalled in the memory of man!"

ODE TO LIBERTY.

By ARCHER GURNEY.

O fairest beam of Heaven, that gilds our mortal night,
Celestial Liberty!

Trembling the bard would sing of thine and thee.
Illume his fainting soul with thine eternal light,
Let him not sink beneath thy glances bright,
Attune his feeble lyre to harmony!

The noble heart's first love art thou!
The warrior, with the laurel round his brow,
The poet, with the odorous myrtle wreath,
Still turns in inward love to thee.

* A general row.

Ode to Liberty.

Earth's leaves and blossoms—all of bright, and sweet, and fair,
 In earth or ocean, or the buoyant air,

Around, above, beneath,
 Breathes of thy influence, boundless Liberty!

The blossom wakes to life; the shoots aloft:
 Her young buds play with the sweet summer breeze.
 Around the flower entwine the tendrils soft;

But still she soars above,
 Gazing on Heaven with eyes of love,
 And courts the kisses of the thirsty bees.
 Is she not free? scorns she not base control?
 Is not instilled in her pure freedom's inmost soul?

Behold the ocean wave!
 Playing in gentle peace 'neath daylight's golden beams,
 Or roaming 'mid yon azure streams,
 Softly to kiss the moss-grown cave,
 And the young coral isle with gentle love to lave:
 And now, gaze on yon billow, rearing, bending,
 Now darting tow'rd the skies, now 'mid the furious waters blending,
 Soaring and falling,
 Our mortal eyes appalling:
 And say, does not the ocean breathe of thee,
 Immortal essence, boundless Liberty?

Gaze on the eagle, soaring in his flight
 Above the mountains! On, still on, away!
 His outstretch'd pinions bathed in rays of light,
 Hastening to hail the parting smile of day:
 Speaks not wild freedom from his glancing eye
 As thus he soars on high?

Yes, still where'er we gaze, in earth, or air, or sea,
 All that is bright and beauteous breathes of thee,
 Celestial Liberty!

Yet, in our love and wonder blend we not
 Thine essence with thy deadliest foe,
 Unruly licence? Be it ne'er forgot,
 That thy sun-beaming glow
 In horror shuns that all-consuming fire,
 Emblem of evil, and eternal ire!

When the Creator first from chaos woke
 The powers that there had lain
 In sleep inane
 From all eternity—when He their fetters broke,
 And called them forth to mingled peace and strife,
 The joys and woes of life,—
 Two wondrous principles of being lay
 Before Him, where to choose:
 Bliss, that should beam for age in endless day,
 And know nor failing nor decay;
 Bliss, that with myriad charms created beings' woes
 To love, and light, and joy divine;
 And Liberty, that in her train dark woe
 And fearful ills must waft afar,
 Above, below,
 To each pellucid star,

Yet breaks herself through their portentous might,
With Heaven's own angel-light,
And beams of the Eternal's love the sure, the glorious ray !
Betwixt these twain

Were poised the heav'nly scales :
Here bliss divine, one endless spring, marr'd by no tempest gales ;
And there eternal Liberty, with all her changing joy and pain.

By One to each created soul
Would sweetest joys and peaceful love be given :
The rival power would lead to a celestial goal,
And through earth's night of woes conduct to Heaven.

The Eternal spoke ! In all the universe
Echoed His fiat. Thou, O Liberty,
Wast chosen, then, our guide, our ruling star, to be,
And in thy vortex all creation to immerse ;
That, bursting through woe's passing night,
And soaring high in golden light,
Earth might with Heaven unite in purest harmony.

Then, as thy ceaseless foes, the sisters twain,
Licence and Tyranny, the Eternal gave :
The one to lure away even those that love thee well
By her delusive strain ;
The other by might's fierce resistless spell
Created beings to enslave,
And bind earth's all of sweet and fair in her detested chain.
Both are thy foes, but this with open hate
Proclaims herself thy deadliest enemy,
While her more wily mate
Assumes thine outward mien, and by thy potent charms,
With thine own wondrous arms
In crafty rancour seeks to vanquish thee.
And o'er men's minds these twain wage ceaseless war,
And mortals can but gaze on thee afar,
As some o'erclouded gentle star ;
'Till forth thou beam'st in thy celestial light,
And then those foes must fly to darkest night.

Nature is ruled by thee :
The flower, the wave, the eagle, all are free.
And when the ocean's billows foam like molten fire,
Even in their wildest ire,

They still are all inspired by Liberty.
Were Licence, then, their ruler, forth would break,
With boundless force and speed, each ocean-wave ;
Her endless thirst on earth the main would slake,
And all be sunk in one benighted grave.

No more ! no more ! Too weak the poet's lyre
To chant thy wondrous beauty. Earth and sea,
And love and light, are all one endless choir,
That tells of thy Eternal Majesty :

The past and the to-be,
Yon myriad orbs, still chant of thine and thee,
Immortal essence, glorious Liberty !

A CHAPTER ON BIRTHS AND BIRTH-PLACES; BEING HINTS FOR BIOGRAPHERS.

By W. LAW GANE.

A VAST debt of gratitude is due to the author of "Homes and Haunts of the Poets." In his sketch of Burns, he not only very prettily describes the dwelling in which the poet was born, but takes us into the room in which the immortal ploughboy first saw the light; he speaks as artistically as a cabinet maker of the bedstead, gives us the colour of the curtains and the texture of the coverlet. This is as it should be. It is greatly to be lamented that biographers of all sorts and sizes, should so frequently omit, forget, or slur over one all-important portion of their labours. This melancholy deficiency may be traced alike in the penny ballad lines of George Barnwell, and the costly quartos of Moore's Byron. Biographers erect their structures and the key-stone is wanting. Alas! how frequently do they forget to name, or rest satisfied with some slight allusion to the birth-place of the subjects of their memoirs. They appear to think they have done well and quite enough if they bury a man respectably—that is, if they convey him to the church in a hearse with plumes and six horses, followed by mourning coaches and the private carriages of the nobility, and care nothing at all about the more important affair of his birth. What an immense amount of labour, of critical, analytical, and polemical disquisition would have been spared had that particular been properly attended to; what an awful waste of ink and good paper has resulted from its infraction. A vast load of this sin of omission rests on Plutarch: the historians of Joseph Ady and Peregrine Pickle have indeed much to answer for. In the one case there is yet time: Joseph lives; let us know all of the early hours of this illustrious personage; let not a thousand unsolved enigmas remain for the confusion of posterity. Forward a guinea, or a post-office order for that amount, and ten to one the necessary information will be sent by return of post. Nor allow his friend and referee, the adorable Sir Peter, to descend to the shades of night, and the fact unknown beneath what roof-tree the great sayer of wise saws and wholesome precepts first beamed on the world. We must have full particulars of that bright incident of his early childhood, his gallant effort to prevent a self-willed and suicidically-bent mouse from smothering itself in his mother's treacle-pot; and how he took his first magisterial lesson, sitting on a bench and deciding judicially in the matter of the desperate shindy between his father's terrier and his mother's tabby for the possession of a bone of beef. Let nothing be forgotten.

Dear Lord Brougham, for heaven's sake set the often-mooted question of your birth-place at rest; you have always been so near the Border, and so frequently skipping from one side to t'other, that future generations, if left in ignorance, will be sure to quarrel as to the pivot upon which your lordship is to be placed. And tell us, did nurse say, "little darling was a beauty and a sweet-tempered dear?" or did you show teeth early, and scratch in the mouth, and doat on pap flavoured with vinegar? Leave us not in the dark, we humbly beseech thee.

Kings, and princes, and potentates are generally born in palaces, and their birth-places are easily ascertainable: it is otherwise with nature's royalty; the out-of-the-way corners in which they are ushered into being frequently defying all the researches of antiquarianism. Their monuments may be land-marks for the world, but, alas! all relating to the nurse, the napkin, and the caudle-cup is forgotten.

Seven cities disputed the honour of giving birth to a Homer: how much better their time would have been employed in anathematising his biographers, which would have been a lesson and a warning to the race for ever after. Let us implore, before it is too late, that the point be at once settled, that a similar

result may not ensue in the case of Giles Scroggins. Fortunately, we know the dwelling in which the Swan of Avon squealed his first notes, but plague on the life writers, commentators and all, they have not pointed out the room—it might have been the *attic* for aught we know: his wit was such, and early impressions are apt to be permanent. It might have been the cellar, for the lad was tarnation deep. Might not his genius have been singed by the objects around him? but of these we know nothing. Immense research has presented us with one interesting fact: the doctor's boy was a black; need we search further for the inspiration which drew Othello? Some doubtful chroniclers have asserted that the weird sisters were suggested by his three spinster aunts, who ruled the roast at his birth, much to the terror of his mother's maid-of-all-work. The same suggest that Juliet came from an interesting and distressed damsel, in berlin wool, which, on their very doubtful authority, hung over the mantel-piece in his mother's bed-room. The omissions in his better-informed contemporaries are much to be lamented.

The house still stands in Ajaccio in which Napoleon the great made his *éntree*, which we are told occurred in a parlour; but the thousand loons who have written upon the subject have one and all omitted to state whether it was the back or the front. We may fairly infer that Mrs. Buonaparte had two parlours, one for every-day use, the other for Sundays and tea parties; therefore the Napoleonic historians ought to have been more particular. It is well known that Mrs. B. remained to the latest moment at her prayers; this fully accounts for the piety and devotion of her son. Some of the more philosophic of Napoleon's biographers attribute great effects to the particular pattern of his mother's parlour carpet; but how can we pay attention to such idle gossip, when the varlets have not even stated whether it was a Brussels or a Kidderminster?

The precise situation in which an illustrious individual is born, is a point of all-engrossing interest. To say that a man was born in England, in Tipperary, in Yorkshire, in Siberia, in Alleghany, or in Kabul, is vague in the extreme; to mention a particular house—No. 5, for instance—in some street a mile long, or a mansion, or mud hut in some unheard-of parish, is scarcely less so. But when I not only know the parish, the street, the house, but the floor, whether first, second, or third, and the identical room, whether back, front, or between the two, whether it has a southerly or northerly aspect, and am able to point out how the head of the bed stood, and how nurse made her gruel, then, indeed, I begin to consider that I know something. To ascertain the influence collateral attendants on a man's first appearance are likely to exert on his after career, would be an exceedingly interesting subject of inquiry, and as such is most earnestly recommended to the attention of the Statistical Society. It may reasonably be inferred that a person whose first hold upon the world occurred in a ditch, would grow up with rural tastes, would love the quiet pleasures of the country, exhibiting most probably extraordinary affection for the squire's hares, and the farmers' sheep, and much given to making ducks and drakes, and more to stealing them. A youth born in barracks, or *en route* in a baggage-waggon, will assuredly be soldierly inclined, and the chances are that his boyhood will be spent in company with the drumsticks, and that, eventually, he will march while others beat. Sir Robert was born beside a jenny; Debret may dispute, and Burke deny the fact, still we maintain the truth of the statement. The why and wherefore? He's such a capital hand at spinning a yarn.

The respected progenitor of Guy Fawkes was lord of a coal-shed. Does not this most naturally account for the son's infatuated attachment for coals, coke, and bundles of wood? His regard for gunpowder may indisputably be traced back to his mother, who was rather remarkable for "blowing up." It is quite true that Jenny Lind,

Nachtergallen af den nora
Zamla Sverige's schönste stjerna.

exhibited in her infancy none of the usual infantine fondness for cakes, and invariably made wry faces at the tender of a *bun*. It is generally supposed that these dislikes have grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength. The house in which Nelson fired his first gun, was known in the neighbourhood as the spice-box; after this, can we feel surprised at the infernal pepperings he gave the Mounseers? Dietrich Kloothenhausen might have spared himself the labour of writing ten folio volumes, to prove that *Bacon* was born in a pig-sty—no reasonable being ever doubted the fact; in order to have completed his work, he ought to have done as much for that illustrious individual, the learned pig. We have been assured, and on no less authority than that of nurse Swaddle, that Grimaldi's first cry bore an astonishing resemblance to *Hot Codlings*. It is a well-known fact that Tim Bobbin came into the world with a grin, which convulsed the doctor, and caused Mrs. Fatsydes, the attendant dame, to roar out lustily for a cooper. The first object which excited the attention of that celebrated martinet, Col. Cuttemup, was a cat. Enough—our proposition is carried, *nem. con.*

We have before observed that royalty did not invariably display its earliest glories in a palace; witness that potent potentate *le Monarque de Chemins de fer*. Libellers have asserted that a horse trampled upon the innocent babe, whence his determination to extirpate the race. Nor was he born in a gold mine; equally foundationless is the rumour that his babyhood resembled that of Romulus and Co., inasmuch as they were suckled by a wolf and he by a *stag*. The naked truth—certainly the best attire in which truth can appear—is this, King Hudson's nativity may be dated from Share Hall, in the parish of Stock-cum-serip, and from his earliest hour he evinced a decided tendency to get everybody *into a line*. He also was rather remarkable for what is vulgarly called grabbing; his boyhood much resembled that of Dickey Johnson, immortal in song, who, when everything attainable had been given him for which he cried,

“Wanted the sun and moon beside.”

We have good grounds for believing that he didn't get them; but what his great prototype may do, who will assume the responsibility of saying? These stupendous facts are supplied, gratis, for the especial benefit of the future biographers of *Hudson le grand*.

Another great power who saw his first dawn in a doubtful position, may be instanced in the case of the King of the Gipsies. Who can stand upon the hill-top, or thread the mazy vale and point out the spot where Melchior of the swarthy brow tumbled on life? Alas! for humanity, this classic spot shall never grace the epic, or gild the pages of the historian of the ring. It would be as futile to

“Summon up him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,”

as to put the question to Screechy Ned the knife-grinder. In vain have we journeyed to *the forest*—in vain have we silvered the palms on Blackheath. This perplexing enigma must be interred between Junius and the Iron Mask. Who would not give a hundred for the fee simple of the identical ditch? what streams would flow along it, perhaps at a penny, certainly at half that per head. Who but would *cut his stick* from the bush that shaded the monarch's early infancy? O! that we could find the very frog that croaked a jubilate at his birth, to encase it in granite, that it might be found by an admiring posterity after the lapse of fifty thousand years; but as these are only sad instances of the vanity of human wishes, we hereby offer to the antiquarian world and the rural nobility and gentry, the reward of six Pickwicks, and two pots of the best (sixpenny) commingled, for the first tin-kettle soldered, patched, or plugged by the royal hand.

Royalty, avaunt! we turn to genius. At the birth of a certain celebrated author—still living and writing—the donkeys for ten miles round brayed incessantly the live-long night; and this, the malicious clodpoles asserted, they did

because they knew that a near relative had, or was about to make his appearance. Apparently, the result did not falsify their prediction.

It is a sad, sad thing not to know one's birth-place; as bad, nay worse, than not knowing one's father. The rich, in this predicament, give huge oceans of trouble to the musty fictionists at *Heralds' College*; for the poor, there is neither peace, nor rest, nor *settlement*. In the first case, towns or villages are as anxious to claim as they are in the second to disclaim. We might dictate long and eloquently upon the fierce wars engendered between loving parishes through this lamentable ignorance, on the fearful inroads it causes on good-will and gold. We say nothing of the frequent changes of air to which it subjects poor Hodge, who applies in his need to parish A, and is relieved by being bundled off to parish B, which summarily relieves itself, and packs the wanderer off to C; thus he goes through the alphabet, sees a great deal of the country, and luxuriates on a remarkably fine and attenuated dietary, but like a comet or woman's tongue, never rests. More cash is spent in driving poor Hodge about like a mad dog, than would have kept him a pack of hounds, with hunters, &c., *en suite*. Beware of the man who does not know where he was born; he is a dangerous character, some degrees worse than a punster.

It is vastly pleasant to reflect that so many end life where they commenced it. The individual who bursts on life in Newgate, will, in all probability, hover around the sweet scene of his birth, unable to tear himself away, and end his career where it began, although in a more elevated position; thus falling a victim to his love of home. The lad who started from his native hamlet with a wallet which by no means fatigued him to carry, and some fractional parts of a sixpence in his pocket, after he has grown wealthy in commerce, perhaps eaten turtle in right of the aldermanic toga, or sat in the civic chair of state, flies in his age back to the spot whence he sprang. He raises his own cabbages and cures his own bacon. At last he rests inside the village church, lulled to sleep with a marble monument and gilt inscription; while his fathers, who never roamed, moulder outside in the yew-shaded churchyard with nothing but the green grass and the blue skies above them. Oysters and Scotchmen are remarkably fond of home. They never roam unless money is to be made by it: and they resemble each other in never returning.

We shall conclude this part of our labours with a hint or two to a certain class of bo-peep auto-biographers, fellows who show enough of their noses to make you believe that something tangible is coming, when they suddenly drowse the glim, and leave us where the prophet was when the candle went out. One specimen will suffice. We take the well-known character who tells us—

"On the stormy ocean I was born."

Who would have supposed the solar goose would have broken off here? Yet so it is. In the name of all that's watery what ocean did he mean? We have no clue to lead us to a conclusion; certainly he says something about the sea-mews' scream, but the sea-mews scream in Chelsea reach. He also tells us of porpoises baring their backs of gold; we never saw them performing this glittering operation, but we know they occasionally show their noses at Gravesend. My fine fellow, this won't do: there's nothing at all in it. Should you again present yourself to the public let us know the whole truth. Now just see what your unpardonable obscurity leads to; we know several respectable City gentlemen who maintain you were born on the Paddington canal! We bid you farewell, with a sigh at such genius fatally perverted; such gorgeous opportunities thrown away. In your ear: pray be more particular; it really won't do, even for the marines.

Ye biographers, for whose especial benefit this immortal labour has been done, think, oh! think of the midnight oil that has burned in your service; forget not the hairs grown prematurely grey in your cause; we are not greedy, a reward equal to that bestowed on Cobden by the League will be deemed perfectly satisfactory.

PAUL PEVENSEY;
OR, THE MAN FROM BELOW.*

CHAP. XXX.—THE MURDERER'S GRAVE.

OPINION exercises in all cases a powerful influence on the mind, and perhaps tends more than anything else to render us happy or miserable. One chief delight in this world arises from triumph, the triumph of action, of success; to fail in our designs is to be weak, and to be weak is to be wretched. Success, therefore, of some kind or another is necessary to impart that sense of exaltation, without which there can be nothing of that tumultuous joy which the fiery and the impassioned experience at the accomplishment of their purposes.

The truth of this position the colliers experienced, when, through the instrumentality of Paul Pevensey, they gained a victory over the law which had previously prided itself on having defeated them. Never reflecting on the fact that the body of which they had obtained possession was that of a murderer, who, whatever might be his connection with their cause, had deserved his fate, they yielded themselves up to the intoxication of success, and laughed and shouted as though life had returned to their lost companion. When the first burst of excitement had subsided they began to deliberate among themselves respecting the choice of a grave. Some advised that they should bury the corpse upon the centre of the moor, and raise over it with stones an enormous cairn, such as our ancestors bestowed upon chiefs of renown; but then came the obvious suggestion that the public authorities would speedily demolish it and replace the body on the gibbet; next the idea presented itself of selecting some secluded spot where the dead might rest in peace in defiance of the law's myrmidons until the vengeance of justice should have subsided. But whatever precautions they might take discovery was still possible, if not probable, and they wished to provide for the deceased a narrow home which neither treachery nor accident could disturb. They were delivered from their difficulties by some one mentioning the sea, upon which a loud shout burst from the bystanders, in which the whole mass gradually joined as the idea radiated through the multitude, and ultimately embraced its whole circle. From nearly two thousand lips at once arose the words "the sea, the sea."

A rude bier was immediately constructed, upon which the body with its encumbering chains was placed, after which the colliers put themselves in motion and directed their march towards the coast. Ere they had advanced a mile the solemn nature of the service in which they had been engaged produced its effect upon their minds; so that from having been talkative and boisterous they gradually became quiet, and then so completely silent that they resembled those strange apparitions, which, according to the aboriginal belief of these islands, often proceed with shadowy biers and corpses to the locality of unmade graves.

The mother of the malefactor, old as she was, walked close behind the bier, and by her Paul placed himself, that he might assist her whenever the unevenness of the ground, or a ditch or a stile, rendered his aid necessary.

Absorbed as she was by her sorrow, the old woman could not without astonishment behold the kindness of this lad, an utter stranger to her, whose sympathies seemed to be awakened merely by her sorrow.

"Mother," said he, when they had advanced some miles, "I am afraid you can't hold out. Shall I tell 'em not to bowl along at such a rate?"

"No, my child," replied she; "let them go on, they are carrying my son to his grave, and I must not hinder them."

"True, ma'am," said Paul; "but shouldn't you like to see the end of it? And

if they don't slacken a bit, I fancy they'll have to drop you by the way. Here, just lean on me, I'm 'nation strong, and it wont no way put me out."

But the poor old woman appeared to know no weariness; thanking Paul, therefore, for his kind intention, she assured him she was quite able to walk, and proved her words by keeping up with the men.

The part of the country upon which they now entered was bleak and rugged, full of ravines and gullies, by which the land discharged its superfluous waters into the sea. There were but few trees, and such as existed were stunted, flattened at top, and had their boughs all flung inwards from the prevalence of the winds from the ocean. Here and there, however, in some sheltered nooks, they found quiet little hamlets, whose inhabitants were buried in slumber, and altogether unconscious of the strange procession which moved noiselessly by their thresholds. At this time the moon began to rise, and with the first appearance of its disc revealed the fact that they were approaching the sea. The very breeze assumed a different character, becoming fresher and more buoyant, and imparting an elasticity to the frame of those around whom it blew. Paul now, for the first time in his life, caught a glimpse of the ocean, with all its multitudinous waves glittering and leaping beneath the moon. All men of imagination love the sea, which, when it bursts for the first time upon our gaze, appears more than the overhanging firmament to excite in us the idea of infinity. Paul stood still to allow, as it were, the vast idea to enter quietly into his soul. He forgot everything else. He heard a wild murmur in the distance, a sound as of many voices engaged in fantastic revelry. It was the choral music of the ocean, the concert of winds and waves, and the perpetual divine service performed by the elements in honour of God. A new nature seemed to be awakened within his breast. His mind seemed to be elevated, enlarged, purified. He felt that there was something greater than the petty din of earth, and remembering the earliest records of our material universe, he fancied that the spirit of God still moved upon the face of the waters.

Occupied with thoughts like these, he became almost unconscious of the presence of those around him, the tramp of whose feet, multitudinous and irregular, formed a striking contrast with that of an army, which, regulated and measured, suggests the idea of one vast machine, moving on myriads of feet. By degrees, as they descended into the lowlands, Paul again lost sight of the sea. Sometimes they entered narrow lanes, and were consequently stretched out into a long file, with the vanguard far removed from the rear; sometimes they deployed upon the open fields, and resembled a swarm of bees moving forward in disorder.

At length they stood upon the sea-shore, where a broad expanse of sand left ribbed and dripping by the retreating waves, sloped downward from the cliffs to the ocean's bed. At a little distance towards the right, moored beside a jutting rock, lay a large boat, such as is employed in Sunderland and elsewhere in loading vessels with coal. Towards this the colliers directed their march. Arriving at the spot, they deposited their sad burden upon the rock, and began to consider among themselves in what way they should perform the last rites to their unhappy comrade. It was at length agreed that a stone should be fastened to the body, which, together with the weight of chains already attached to it, would effectually prevent its rising to the surface. At this stage of the proceedings the poor old woman, who had accompanied them to the spot, in complete silence, now threw herself on her knees upon the sand, and begged they would take her into the boat that she might see the last of her wretched son. The colliers kindly raised her up, and said she should do as she pleased. They then began to inquire whether any one present knew anything of the funeral service, or could repeat a prayer of any kind. The question was put again and again, but no answer was returned. Not a soul there had learned to pray, and few, apparently, understood exactly what a prayer meant. At length Daniel Filmer stepped forward, and, laying hold of Paul, said—

"I think this boy can read and pray; let us put him into the boat. He shall be our parson, and I'll undertake to say amen."

To this arrangement Paul readily consented, though he said "he was 'nation little used to pray—at all events, not before strangers."

The corpse was then placed in the boat, ten or a dozen men took to the oars, Paul was placed beside the old woman at the stern, and out they pulled, while the multitude remained upon the beach gazing after them in silence. When they had proceeded seaward a full mile, they prepared to commit the body to the deep. Every collier took off his hat and knelt down upon the deck, except the two who stood at the gunwale ready to cast in the corpse as soon as Paul should have finished his prayers. They likewise were uncovered, a touching illustration of the influence of religion even upon the rudest and most ignorant minds. Without saying a word or being prompted by any one, they felt how weak and helpless man is, and experienced the truth of the saying "that in the midst of life we are in death." The influence of God's presence was among them, as amid the roar of the ocean, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, Paul pronounced the only prayer he knew—that which Christ taught his disciples. "Our Father which art in Heaven," he began, as all the boat's crew sobbed around him. Twice or thrice he interrupted himself and had to begin again, and each time as he pronounced the words "Our Father" the sobs of his companions interrupted him again. At length he got through the prayer and said, "Now is the time, commit his body to the deep; ashes to ashes, dust to dust; and may God have mercy upon him and upon us." Then plunge went the corpse into the ocean.

Where Paul learnt these words it were hard to say; but he had often been to funerals, and had read some books, especially voyages, which delighted him greatly by their accounts of distant lands and seas, and in them perhaps it was that he had picked up the phrase which he used on the present occasion. I have already said the moon was up, and that it was altogether a lovely night. The breath of ocean was fresh and balmy; all heaven seemed alive with stars; the waves as they leaped up burst into light as their foaming crests were silvered by the moon, and the solemn errand on which Paul and his friends the colliers had come thither co-operated with external nature in producing a powerful influence on their minds. Rough, uncouth, ignorant men are easily moved in new situations; far more easily than your stiff-starched conventionally-genteel people who are sometimes so long without using their feelings that they almost cease to have any. Death, moreover, is a great softener of the heart, and no one knows half the beauty of his own nature who has not been brought by circumstances into close contact with that shadowy power. When we lose those we love how we yearn and strain after them, with the hope, as it were, of being able to look over the brink of existence and catch a glimpse of their spirits as they fade away into the boundless expanses of eternity. Then it is that death, how terrible soever, seems beautiful. The beauty of those who die seems to be imparted to him; and therefore perhaps it was that the ancients represented Death as a lovely seraph, sad indeed of countenance, and everlastingly silent, but beautiful as the heavens themselves, which, like him, are without voice or language.

When the murderer's body had been cast into the waves, never to emerge again till the deep shall cast up its dead to appear before the judgment seat of God, the bereaved mother, who had been silent hitherto, burst forth into a sort of wild thanksgiving.

"Blessed be God!" she exclaimed; "he is now beyond their reach! and bless you every one of you for helping a poor old woman who had nothing but her blessing to give you."

She said no more, but sank upon the deck overwhelmed by the weight of her own sorrow. Paul sat down by her and wept bitterly.

"I wish, ma'am," said he, "I had any place to take you to, I would work for you, and be a son to you; but I am as poor as you are, and have neither house nor home, that I know of, though if I could but find my mother I should not want for nothing, I think."

These words were overheard by some of the colliers, who had now put about the bark, and were beginning to row towards the shore.

"It's well said, mother," cried one of them, resting on his oar. "That there boy has a heart in his body, and tells us what we ought to do; I am well enough off, and have neither wife nor mother, so you shall go along with me."

The old woman expressed, as well as she could, her gratitude, and Paul, addressing himself to the collier, said, "That's 'nation good of you."

There was then silence for some time, and Paul, making his way to the bows, stood gazing at the ripple which flew off like wings on either side of the boat. He then looked up, and saw the expectant crowd upon the shore, who, as the funeral party neared the land, greeted them with a shout of triumph. Presently the keel touched the sand, and the rowers jumped out, and with much kindness assisted the old woman to land. They then immediately turned their faces toward the cliffs and hurried off, entirely overlooking Paul, who remained leaning against the boat and looking out upon the ocean. He was not altogether unconscious of their departure, but though they had upon the whole used him well, rejoiced at escaping from them. When he found himself entirely alone, he took the painter and made it fast to the rock, and then, by way of enjoying himself, he thrust his hands into his breeches' pockets and walked along the sand, watching the playful motion of the waves as they coquetted with the shore, now rushing in as if they meant to embrace it for ever, and then instantly stealing out again into the arms of their parent ocean. Paul thought he could look upon the scene for ever. He was not in the slightest degree poetical, and could indeed scarcely distinguish verse from prose, but he felt, as he expressed it, "'nation queer" at the prodigious novelty around him. He never before had the slightest notion that there existed anything in this globe so marvellous as the sea, which he took to be a living thing engaged for ever in fretting and refreshing the earth. He saw beneath his feet innumerable shells, and his heart lingered with a strange delight as he picked up one curious specimen after another, inwardly persuaded that no one had discovered such treasures before. The long sweep of sand gleaming in the moonlight, the dark overhanging cliffs, the broad expanse of waters, the infinite sky above flooded with light—everything appeared so glorious to Paul that he felt almost beside himself with pleasure. However, he grew weary at last, as men generally do of everything in this world, upon which he made up towards the cliffs, where in a small hollow in the rocks he threw himself down, and was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER XXXI.—DANGER AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

PAUL, on the present occasion, was what in Dogberry's language is denominated an ass; for on lying down to sleep, he never once reflected whether or not he was likely to be visited by unpleasant company before the morning. It was not yet quite light, however, before he was roused from his rocky pillow by a most dangerous customer. The cold touch of his visitor, however, felt like the finger of death, and seemed likely to prove so when it had unbound the bandages of sleep from his eyes. In plain English, the tide was coming in, and he was up to his knees in water before he became conscious of his danger. The rising and sinking of the sea in obedience to the influence of a planet rolling through space at an immense distance from the earth, by no means entered into the circle of Paul's knowledge, though he had no doubt sometimes read in books something about the tides; but the ideas we obtain from printed words are often not sufficiently vivid or real to influence our actions, otherwise our ragamuffin of a hero would, before he lay down, have taken care to see that his dormitory was above high-water mark. There, however, he slept in a cave, from which there was no egress, with the tide coming in and rising every minute. Upon starting to his feet he exclaimed to himself, "This is 'nation odd; can't I get out no how?" He then waded forward a little, and found that another step more would probably carry him beyond his depth, so he retreated back into

the cave, and began to glance at the roof and sides to see whether they offered the slightest chance of his climbing out by their assistance; but, except that above his head there was a small projecting ledge on which an imp of his inches might manage to sit, they were as smooth as a brick wall. By dint of much exertion he climbed up to the ledge aforesaid, and planting himself there, resolved on paying obedience to the laws of necessity—that is, on doing what he could not possibly avoid.

Most persons have witnessed the coming in of the tide on a summer's morning, when not a breath disturbs the surface of the sea, and the water rises on the shore like a flood of gentle emotions about the heart, covering one object after another till all are steeped in the delicious element. Every time this phenomenon takes place there seems to be a new creation. The tide you see to-day no man ever saw before, the particles of the sea being in perpetual motion and change, and appearing thus to acquire everlasting vitality. Up from the calm surface an influence seems to spring which soothes and tranquillises the mind. You long to quit the land and to repose on the substance of that yielding fluid, which is softer than the lap of love; and then the transparency, the green freshness as of spring buds—the flocks of delicate foam which float here and there in fantastic patterns among the ripples—the cool fragrance which pervades the air, as if the breath of the chaste Thetis embalmed all nature. Oh! there is happiness in gazing at the rising tide, especially when the sun's golden disc sheds its first rosy tints on the eyelids of the morning. And it is of pleasures like this that our life in cities deprives us. When we escape from our artificial restraints, and plunge into forests, or stroll along the margin of the ocean, an irresistible desire comes over us to mingle with nature, and merge our individuality in the universal existence.

Paul, rude and untutored as he was, experienced these yearnings, and being ignorant of the approaching danger, looked with a sort of rapturous joy at the heaving and palpitating sea, which appeared to be thrilling through all its depths with the consciousness of life and happiness. But beauty is often destructive. The magnificent element on which he gazed with such admiration felt no compassion for him, and in the exercise of its own powers was as ready to stifle him in its embrace as to round a pebble or agitate a sea-weed. As he dwelt with a sort of mute ecstasy on their glorious features, the waters rose and rose till he found himself once more wet by them. This time there was no further retreat, and his admiration was replaced by fear, as the calm and beautiful death crept upwards over his frame. Already he found himself waist deep in the water, and his alarm became terror, and terror deepened into agony, as the tide continued mounting about his fluttering heart. His eyes now turned up instinctively towards heaven, whose blue depths answered his imploring looks with that ineffable, unchanging smile with which they regard equally all human joy and calamity, our loves and our hatreds, our birth and our death. The cold and half-congealed tears now stood on Paul's cheeks, or dropped into the brine as he thought on his mother, the Wilkinsons, and the wild beasts, and would now have given all his earthly hope to be transported into the tigress's cage, and lay his head on her speckled side. In the hope that somebody might be walking on the cliff above, or that a boat might be moored within hearing, he shouted till he was hoarse, but to no purpose. No answering voice greeted his ear, and nothing could he descry but the rock, the sea, and the overhanging firmament. His face became convulsed by the fear of death, —and all, as he said to himself, was his own fault.

However, he was not destined to be extinguished in that cave; so, after keeping him hanging between this world and the next, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth, the tide began to sink gently as it had risen, and ebbed away imperceptibly, till several inches of his wet figure previously immersed became visible to his own eyes. His tears began presently to dry, and he thought it was 'nation lucky that there was a ledge in the cave, and that he had had the wit to climb upon it. At the bottom also of his heart there was a

sort of dumb thankfulness to Providence, whose power Paul secretly recognised, though he knew nothing of the laws by which it operates, whether on the physical or moral world. But the ocean knows its own limits, and observes them; and having flooded the shore to the appointed mark, retreated as he had come, and proceeded laughingly to carry joy or death to other parts of the world. At length the cave became dry, and Paul leaped down and followed the vagrant waves outwards upon the sand, where he ran to and fro to warm and dry himself; and then looking out for a practicable track, mounted the cliffs, in the hope of meeting with some one who could direct him towards Ulraven.

After walking inland for upwards of an hour, he came upon a high road, when he met with a pedlar, who, as good luck would have it, was proceeding towards his native place, and promised to show him the way. This worthy individual was a Scotchman, staid and taciturn, the very reverse of Mr. Brian Macguire, with whom he had travelled before he had fell into his last trials. Sandy was acute and canny, and as close fisted as prudence could desire. Nevertheless, when they sat down together on the banks of a little rivulet, and our plaided mountaineer took out his bag of oatmeal and tin cup to make himself breakfast, he frankly offered Paul a share of his grub. Paul's hunger made him think the smell of the oatmeal delicious, and to the honour of the Gael be it spoken, he put a little in the tin cup, then filled it with water, and stirring it with a green sprig broken from the hedge, presented the first mess to Paul, who, of course, accepted it nothing loth. Our friend then prepared for himself a similar allowance; and, when they had completed their frugal meal, started again, and in the afternoon of the same day arrived at Ulraven. Paul then shook his companion by the hand, and, thanking him for his kindness, started off towards his mother's cottage, never once looking about him till he arrived at the door. It stood wide open, and in he bolted; but what was his surprise when, instead of the beautiful and beloved face of Kate Pevensey, he beheld that of an elderly woman, whom he had never seen before.

"Ma'am," said Paul, fetching his breath with difficulty, "where's my mother?"

The woman stared at him from head to foot, and then, in a kindly tone of voice, replied in another very natural question:—

"Who is your mother, my little man?"

"Kate Pevensey, ma'am," answered Paul.

"Kate Pevensey," repeated the woman, "why she has left now a long while."

"And where is she gone?" answered Paul, who never doubted he should still find her somewhere in the village.

"I don't know, indeed," observed the woman, whose pity was excited by the marks of extreme distress she saw in Paul's face, "I don't know, my little man; but she went away with a gentleman—not till they were married, though. And people said she would have been very happy but that she could not, no way, find out her lost boy."

At this intelligence Paul turned his face towards the door, and his cheeks became moistened with the bitterest tears he had ever shed. He felt that he stood alone and friendless in the world. His mother was lost—the Wilkinsons were lost—and the feeling of utter desolation which seized upon his heart no words could express. Mrs. Hopkins saw, at least partly, what was passing in his mind, and with a sort of rough good nature, for which the poor of this country are above all things, perhaps, remarkable, said—

"Come, sit down, my boy, and rest yourself, and take something to eat. You look hungry and weary."

"God bless you, ma'am," exclaimed Paul, hardly able to get the words out any how; "I don't feel neither hunger nor weariness, and would walk without wet or dry till this time to-morrow, if I could but hope to see my mother at the end of it."

He tried to keep in his sobs and his tears, because he did not, as he expressed it, like to make a fool of himself before a stranger, but he could not help it. Nature was too many for him; so, sitting down as he was bid, upon a stool, and

bending down his head upon the table, he cried till his heart seemed fit to burst, the poor woman standing by all the while in helpless pity.

Relieved, and in some sort comforted by the tears he shed, Paul was at length in a condition to talk rationally with honest Mrs. Hopkins, who detailed to him the whole history of the village from the day of his quitting it. At length, yielding to her hospitable entreaties, he ate a little bread and cheese. Towards dusk he walked up to the inn, and made himself known, and told his story to Mr. Wilcox, who, when he heard him out, said—

“Well, my boy, I can give you a good snug berth here, if you like to take it. I want a lad to help Bob to look after the horses, and the place will just suit you, so consider yourself quite at home, and take up your quarters in the stable till something better offers.”

CHAPTER XXXII.—OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

An inn in the country is something like 'the backwoods in a new settlement; its wants and means are indefinite, so that a boy or man, more or less, on the establishment, hardly makes any difference. This accounts for the multitude of nondescripts whom one constantly sees hanging about inns and ale-houses with nothing particular to do, and nothing particular to expect, but who yet make themselves useful, and obtain a subsistence no one knows how, why, or wherefore.

Among this army of oddities Paul was now enrolled, and there he vegetated, picking up indifferently virtues or vices, just as they came in his way. He met with no adventures, because the place was as stationary as he himself had now become. Nothing happened in it. People got up in the morning and went to bed again at night without having anything whatever to remember, except that they had eaten their breakfast, dinner, and supper, and washed their faces, or left them unwashed, just as chance would have it. There is something utterly abominable in such bodily and mental stagnation, I mean to characters with any energy or vigour in them. The commonplace part of the creation are content to live together, as trees grow beside each other in a jungle, standing upright and bowing before the tempest at the same time. They sigh at each other, as the winds determine, or smile together in the sunshine; their existence is as monotonous as that of a rout of bears hybernating in an Alpine cavern. With them there is, properly speaking, neither love nor hatred, friendship nor enmity, but a drowsy current of still thoughts and feelings, in which they mope away their insipid existence. Yet such are the people who, in common parlance, are denominated happy. I had rather, however, be the shuttlecock of fortune—I had rather be frozen one day to an icicle among the solitudes of the Jungfrau, and thawed the next among the lavas of Etna, than doze away life in that apathetic golden means which your social philosophers regard as the *summum bonum*.

And Paul Pevensey, for his sins, had been plagued with as fiery a temperament as ever fell to the lot of a poor hero like himself. When not actually employed, therefore, he used to stroll about the village, and try to make adventures, and when he found it impossible to succeed, had recourse to building castles in the air. Plato, I know, is of opinion that this is a bad habit, which tends to weaken the dianoetic faculties. But I differ from Plato, and think, on the contrary, that there is nothing so refreshing as a good bout at castle building. In this happy state of existence you build your house as you please, make your coffers of the finest patterns, and stuff them to the brim with crowns, not to sleep and rust there, but to pass into active circulation, for the purpose of diffusing pleasure among those you love. But, chief joy of all! you can people your castle as you please—incarnate an impossible amount of intellect and tenderness in some form of mortal beauty, and make her as full of passion as the air is of sunbeams in summer.

Paul, however, when he built his castles, did not run up their turrets so high. He had not yet arrived at that age. He fancied himself in a big house, with his mother and the Wilkinsons, with plenty of money and grub, and enough to do to exhaust his spare energies. Idleness never formed a part of his paradise. If he could not get work he wished to fight with some one, not out of malice, but because he did not know what else to do with his hands and animal spirits. Whatever wise people may say, there is a pleasure in pummelling, and being pummelled. It is a sort of safety valve, which helps to let off the steam that might otherwise blow up our microcosm.

But whether happy or miserable, ill or well-employed, young people grow older and bigger; and so it fared with Paul. He made no progress any how, save in size and age, and at length found himself on the sunny side of seventeen. without knowing what was to be his settled course of life, or whether he should ever be anything better than a stable-boy at an inn. There is a power in some minds, however, which can fill even a stable with romance, and extract food for the imagination out of the smell of hay and oats, the jingle of bridles, and the comfortable noise of a horse's nose rubbing against a manger. One of his favourite employments would have immediately disgusted a civilised hero. He used to go out upon the moor, cut an immense quantity of young succulent furze, and bring it home upon his head to the stables, occupying himself with chopping it small in a trough as provender for the horses. He liked the peculiar scent emitted by the furze as the heavy chopper descended into it, and the exercise, which was rather violent, helped to keep his body in order, and restrain him from striking people just by way of gymnastics.

Paul's figure now began to settle itself, as though it meant to take no further development in an upward direction. He was about the middle height. I wish I could with truth have said he was a giant, and marvellously beautiful besides. But truth is truth, and there is no use in disguising it. Paul, I repeat, therefore, was about the middle height, not an inch more or less; and though if he had been converted into marble, he would not have passed for the Apollo; in fustian and corduroy he was still handsome in his way. In fact, he still resembled his mother, though his eyes had more fire in them, and appeared every day to acquire a greater amount of fierceness. Happily, some little events of his history were unknown at Ulraven, otherwise people would have said it was the effect of the tigress's milk. In most faces there is one feature which gives a character to all the rest. In Paul's, it was the mouth. Few women ever possessed one more beautiful. It was formed after the finest model—neither too large nor too small; and his lips were superbly red, like Kate Pevensey's. The eyes indicate the intellectual character; the mouth indicates the stamp of the affections. He had inherited, also, his mother's paleness, though, like that of the southern nations, it indicated no delicacy of health, but, on the contrary, a constitution which could endure anything, and enormous physical energy. Mrs. Wilcox used to say, as he stood by the kitchen fire, confidentially to her husband, but loud enough to be overheard—

"I think our Paul be the handsomest boy in the parish." To which Mr. Wilcox, with stereotyped fidelity, replied—

"And what's more, wife, he is the honestest and best boy, either in or out of it, for twenty miles round."

"It's a pity, though," continued Mrs. Wilcox, "he's so fond of fighting."

"Yes, just so," replied the husband; "but what other amusement has he?"

Paul felt exceedingly grateful for the favourable opinion the innkeeper entertained for him, though it made him sad to think he had scarcely any other amusement. However, he kept up his reading, and when he could get at a book would leave horses, hay, furze, and all to devour it in secret. Among his favourites were "*Don Quixote*" and "*Gil Blas*," "*The Arabian Nights*," and "*The History of the Buccaneers*;" works all well calculated to improve his morals and whet his appetite for adventure. To escape from the dreary uniformity of Ulraven he would have followed the Knight of a Rueful

Countenance to his combat with the windmills, or have boarded a Spanish galley with Sir Henry Morgan, over decks and gunwales reeking with blood. Not that he was at all savage or ferocious; he only longed for action of some kind or another, and to escape from a state of existence which he thought little better than that of a spaniel in leading-strings. He said nothing of all this, because he had no one to whom he could speak; and by the people of his own age he was rather disliked than otherwise, though if questioned they would have found it hard to tell upon what feelings were based. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox, however, were very partial to him, because he was respectful and obliging, and never inclined to spare himself when there was anything to be done.

One evening, in an idle mood, Paul walked down the village with his hands in his breeches' pockets, looking the very picture of a person in search for some healthful excitement. On turning sharp round a corner he came bang against a man the sight of whom sent back his thoughts to the very earliest dawn of recollection. Paul begged pardon, and retreating a step or two, stood still to gaze on the individual, and make sure there was no mistake. The stranger seemed to be occupied by the same feeling, for he did the same; and there they stood for a few seconds, puzzled and bewildered. Paul was the first to speak:—

"Mr. Link," said he, "don't you know me?"

"Why, Paul!" cried the old soldier; "How the devil you are grown!—Hand us your fist, my boy; I'm heartily glad to see you."

"But tell me, Mr. Link," cried Paul, "how is Mrs. Wilkinson, and Mr. Wilkinson, and Fanny, and all the rest of the children? Where are they? Are they all well? I should be so delighted to see them!"

"Avast there," answered Tom Link, "when I can get in a word edge-ways, I'll tell you all about it."

"Well, then," cried Paul, "how is Mrs. Wilkinson?"

"As well as ever."

"And Mr. Wilkinson?"

"Oh, he's like a brick."

"And the children, are they all right?"

"Every one of them."

"Where are they—here in the town?"

"Yes, to be sure, or what should I be doing here?"

"And have they the beasts still?—a tigress, like my favourite?"

"Hush!" cried Mr. Link, putting his hand upon his mouth; "no more of beasts, Paul, an thou lov'st me. We are players now."

"Players!" exclaimed Paul; "is Mrs. Wilkinson a player?"

"And what harm if she was?" cried Tom Link: "but she isn't, though; she only looks after the children, as usual. But Fanny is an actress; oh, such an actress! My dear fellow, you must go and see her play."

"I should like to see her first when she's not playing," said Paul. "Do they ever talk about me? But it is an ungrateful question; I'm sure Mrs. Wilkinson does. She was a mother to me, and I loved her like a mother. Take me to them, Mr. Link; I'll never leave them again. They can find something for me to do, I dare say. I would go about with them to the world's end, though they are players; and if they were beggars I'd do the same."

"Beggars, Paul!" exclaimed Mr. Link; "why, what a foolish boy you are! Why, players are gentlemen and ladies; we are all gentlemen now. Do I look like a beggar?"

"No," answered Paul; "I thought you 'nation smart. But you don't mean that you are a player?"

"And if you'll go along with us I'll make a player of you."

"It doesn't matter," answered Paul, "if you made a highwayman of me, I'd go with you. As to me, you see what I am by my gear. But take me to Mrs. Wilkinson; I long to see her; and as we go along you can tell me all about it."

"Right, my lad," exclaimed Link; "and you can give me a Roland for an Oliver; or, in other words, if I tell you our story you can tell me yours."

"And a 'nation queer one it is, I assure you, Mr. Link; for I have been shot, and gibbeted, and drowned since I saw you; that is, I mean, I was very nearly so. But come, I really can't talk of anything till I see my second mother."

Mr. Link understood this feeling, and moved on as fast as his wooden leg would permit till they came to the public-house where Mr. Wilkinson and his whole family were seated round the tea-table. Paul, in his stable-clothes, rushed into the room, but seeing Mrs. Wilkinson's change of costume he felt a little checked, and going up timidly towards her, he said with a trembling voice,

"Don't you know me, ma'am?"

"What, Paul!" cried she, starting from her chair and throwing her arms about his neck; "Paul Pevensey!" And she kissed him and cried over him as if he were still a child.

When after a few minutes Paul disengaged himself from this maternal embrace, he received a hearty shake of the hand from Mr. Wilkinson himself, who, addressing his children, said to them—

"This is Paul, about whom you have so often heard us speak. This is in some sort your brother, since we half nursed him, and treated him like our own child. But sit down, Paul, and tell us how we lost you, and where you have been, and what has happened to you since, and how you found your mother, and what you mean to do with yourself."

Paul was silent for a minute, and then answered:—

"If you have any work for me, sir, I'll go with you for the rest of my life. I have no mother and father but you, and I have never seen a home since I left yours."

"But don't you speak to Fanny?" inquired Mrs. Wilkinson.

"Which is Fanny, ma'am?" inquired Paul; "not this young lady, surely."

"Yes it is," answered the mother; "but you have not forgotten each other, surely?"

"Indeed I have, ma'am," answered Paul; "but it's not much to be wondered at. I've seen none but low people lately, except now and then at church, when I go there." He then held out his hand timidly to Fanny, and said, "Will you shake hands with me, miss?"

"Call me Fanny," answered she, as she held out her hand to him in the friendliest possible manner. "I remember you very well; you are bigger, but not altered a bit."

Paul soon began to feel a little at home. The younger children came round him, and kissed him, and some of them got on his knee, while Mr. Link was engaged in explaining to Mr. Wilkinson how and where they had met.

"Oh, ma'am," cried Paul, addressing Mrs. Wilkinson, "it was a sad day for me when I lost sight of you."

He then told his story, and the very strange adventures in which he had been engaged interested the whole family extremely. They were not going to act that night, but had made arrangements for a barn for the morrow, and Paul was invited to come and see the play.

"And then," said Mrs. Wilkinson, "you'll join us, of course. I look upon you as my own son, and it shall not be our fault if you ever part from us again. You must explain these things to the innkeeper, and tell him that we are your parents, and we claim you. I don't mean your real natural parents, for that wouldn't be true, and I should like you always to speak the truth, but your parents in affection."

Paul's heart was too full to allow him to reply immediately. At length he said—

"I knew exactly how it would be. I wasn't no how deceived in your characters, and if you knew how often I've thought of you, and dreamt of you, and prayed for you—when I've prayed at all—you wouldn't think your affection thrown away upon me. And after all, I have no other father but Mr. Wilkinson, and no other mother but you."

"But do you think you can take to the playhouse, Paul?" inquired Wilkinson, "for with us, you know, that must be your fate."

"I don't know exactly what I can and what I can't do," answered Paul; "but this one thing I can say, that if you don't turn me adrift, I'll do anything that you wish me, even though, as I've told Mr. Link, it were turning highwayman."

Wilkinson laughed heartily, and said—

"The stage isn't so bad as that, Paul, but you must turn genteel; in fact, must think yourself a gentleman, and act as if you were one."

"It will be rather hard, I fancy," observed Paul, "to make a gentleman of me, but to please you I'll try even to do that. When shall I come home?"

The last word pleased both Wilkinson and his wife, and they both replied together—

"You are right, Paul; your home is with us, so go and speak with your master, and come home this very night. We have always missed you; the list of our children never seemed complete, and your place has been left empty at the table. For a long while we put a chair for you, and a plate, and a knife and fork, beside Fanny's, and we always used to think you'd come in some day to sit in it; and here you are, and as welcome as ever you were. We can't say more."

"No, ma'am," answered Paul, "or do more. I am happy now, as happy as a prince; and I do think I never was happy before; and if you can make a player or a gentleman of me, I am ready to learn anything. I'll just run down and thank Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox for what they have done for me, and say good bye to them, unless, perhaps—" and he hesitated a moment.

"Unless what?" inquired Wilkinson.

"Why, sir, unless you let me ask them to the play to-morrow night, just to see Fanny, and put them in good humour."

"Do, Paul," cried Fanny, answering for her father, "it will increase my audience; I like to see a great many faces when I act."

The kind-hearted innkeepers entered very readily into Paul's feelings. They had heard all about the Wilkinsons a hundred times, and rejoiced that he had found them again. Besides, they really felt pleased and flattered by being invited to the play, and easily consented that Paul should rise from a stable-boy into an actor, if by any contrivance the transformation could be effected. For the present, however, their interest was centred in Fanny's performance, who, on the following evening, was to appear as "Juliet."

A BRIEF SKETCH,

INTENDED TO ACCOMPANY MR. JAS. SCOTT'S ENGRAVING OF "THE CONCEALMENT OF THE SCOTTISH REGALIA IN THE KIRK OF KINNEFF," FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY CHISHOLME, NOW IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. MARY PARKES, 22, GOLDEN-SQUARE.

Under this title a neat pamphlet has been written by James Logan, Esq. It is certainly a brief but at the same time most interesting account of an event in Scottish history which can scarcely be surpassed in its romantic character, or for the heroic devotion and endurance of the actors in the important transaction, which is, as the author justly observes, but little known to the general readers of the history of that nation.

Mr. Logan informs us that the regalia of Scotland consisted of the crown, sceptre, and sword of state; which, when the parliament was not sitting, were left in the charge of the Lord High Treasurer; but when parliament met they were delivered by his lordship to the Earl Marischal, to whose keeping they were then *ex officio* entrusted.

He then goes on to state—"That the army of the Commonwealth having advanced into Scotland, it became an object of immediate solicitude to secure the precious emblems of national independence; and as some of the royal castles

had fallen into the hands of Cromwell's soldiers, and there seemed every prospect that the others would speedily be in their possession, it was resolved that the Regalia should be at once removed to the Marischal's castle of Dunottar, which was thought to be sufficiently remote, and of such strength as to insure their safety. An order of Parliament was accordingly passed on the 6th of June, the last day of the Parliament, 1651, by which the Earl Marischal was enjoined to transport them thither."

Dunottar, in the county of Kincardine, is described as a stronghold of no ordinary description, and as having been built on a point of land, projecting in high and perpendicular rocks into the German Ocean; of which George Ogilvie, of Barras, "a gentleman of the highest honour and bravery," was appointed Lieutenant-Governor, with a sufficient garrison under his command, and a supply of artillery.

This place, strong as it was, was not, however, from the continued successes of the Puritan army, considered a safe repository for the "national honours," and the governor seems to have been pressed by the committee of estates to give up the regalia, that they might be conveyed to some place of greater security. This, however, he declined to do; and, in his embarrassment, wrote to the king, entreating that he would have the invaluable charge removed. Charles was not, however, in a condition to comply with the request, and in the meantime General Lambert had invested the castle, and a strict blockade was ultimately commenced.

"In this emergency a plan was formed, originating, it is believed, with the Dowager Countess Marischal, but a humbler, yet not less devoted loyalist was the immediate agent in carrying it into effect. This person was Christian Fletcher, wife of the Rev. James Grainger, minister of Kinnèff, a small parish about four miles distant from the castle. She had been permitted to visit the governor's lady, who entered most gladly into the scheme; and, as no provisions were allowed to be carried to the castle, Mrs. Grainger made the pretext of executing some trifling matters for Lady Ogilvie. The day on which the last memorable visit was paid, the leal-hearted matron took the crown in her lap, and her maid followed with the sword and sceptre, wrapped in a bundle of flax or *hards*, which the besiegers were made to believe was to be spun into thread; and thus laden, they courageously left the castle, and passed through the English troops. Mrs. Grainger was accustomed to ride, and when she reached the camp where the horse was left, it being impossible to approach the castle except on foot, the commander himself assisted her to mount!

"They got safely clear of the enemy, and conveyed the precious charge to Kinnèff, when the worthy minister was let into the secret. He had been hitherto kept in ignorance of the design; for, as it was expected the castle would immediately surrender, this secrecy was observed, so that he should be able, if interrogated, to aver conscientiously that he neither knew how, when, nor whether, the regalia had been removed."

The following is the account which this excellent pastor gave to the Countess Marischal of the means taken for the effectual concealment of the treasure:—

"March 13, 1652.

"I, Mr. James Grainger, minister at Kinnèff, grant me to have in my custody the Honours of the kingdom—viz., the crown, sceptre, and sword. For the crown and sceptre I raised the pavement stone, just before the pulpit, in the night tyme, and digged under it ane hole, and put them in there, and filled up the hole and layed down the stone just as it was before, and removed the mould that remained, that none would have discerned the stone to have been removed at all; the sword again at the west end of the church, amongst some common seits that stand there. I digged down in the ground betwixt the two foremost of these seits, and layed it down with the case of it, and covered it up, as that, removing the superfluous mould, it could not be discerned by any body; and if it shall please God to call me by death before they be called for, your ladyship will find them in that place."

The brave Governor Ogilvie was forced, in the May following, to surrender the castle, honourable terms being granted to its gallant defenders; but when the much-desired prize was not found, great was the mortification of the conquerors, and although the governor's personal freedom had been expressly guaranteed when the capitulation took place, "both he and his lady were treated with great severity, being dragged from one place of confinement to another."

"It is the tradition, that Grainger and his wife were likewise suspected, and were not only committed to prison, but were put to the torture, without extracting a syllable respecting the object of their enemy's desire."

The valuable deposit, it appears, from Mr. Logan's account, lay inhumed until the Restoration, when the brave Ogilvie, besides being created a baronet, received other marks of favour, but which were not, however, considered adequate to his services, and the loss sustained by the confiscation of his estates; much jealousy was also excited by the disproportionate rewards bestowed upon Sir John Keith, the youngest son of the Countess Marischal, who, having written a letter from abroad to his friends in England, relative to the treasure, was supposed to have contributed to its safety by throwing the Puritans on a wrong scent. The equally important, though inferior actors in the preservation of the Regalia, the worthy minister and his wife received by virtue of an act of parliament, two thousand marks Scots (about £111 2s. 2d.).

The ancient relics thus preserved we are informed remained undisturbed in the strong-room at Edinburgh Castle, from 1707 until 1817, when a commission was appointed to search for and report on the Regalia of Scotland; and in 1818 they were discovered in the Crown-room, whereupon the greatest enthusiasm was displayed by the people, especially when the crown was publicly displayed.

The talented author concludes this exceedingly attractive history with a graphic description of the treasures; and beautiful as Mr. Scott's engraving is as a work of art, its value is without doubt doubly enhanced by the literary accompaniment.

The typographical arrangements are also highly creditable to Mrs. Mary Parkes, who is the proprietor and publisher of the engraving.

We cannot resist the following original stanzas on this interesting subject; they appear to us to require no commendatory remarks:—

THE MINISTER OF KINNEFF.

A midnight scene arrests the eye,
What means this open grave,
And these pale forms thus ling'ring nigh
The dark sepulchral cave?
Why keep they watch and ward to night?
Why wake whilst others sleep?
And, jealous of the moonbeams bright,
These silent vigils keep.
Has lust of gold their bosoms filled?
For gems of price are spread,
And strangely does their radiance gild
The dwellings of the dead.
Nay, wrong them not; o'er souls so pure
Gold boasts no potent sway;
A nation's honours they secure
From pillage and decay.
For woman's zeal and woman's heart,
Scarce chronicled in story,
Have borne this day a glorious part
In saving Scotland's glory.
Meek is her trust. Her aspect view,
Dark shadows round her stealing;

Yet firm in faith, in purpose true,
She owns no coward feeling.
Less moved than he, whose heart with hers
Has throbbed in kindred union,
And still through troubled anxious years
Shall hold its deep communion.
His eager glance is raised on high,
Where wakened birds are flutt'ring,
And scarce his lips repress the cry
His anxious heart is utt'ring.
He knew the alien bands were near,
That hostile arms surrounded;
He perilled all he held most dear,
Yet loyal love abounded.
Rest, humble pair! Your midnight toil,
Through weary years enduring,
Withheld the mighty from the spoil,
Old Scotia's pride securing.
And long as faith and truth have power
To charm in simple story,
We'll bless the art, which at this hour
Still crowns your name with glory.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MIRROR.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Time was that the announcement of the opening of the Italian Opera House in the Haymarket excited a commotion, not only in the world of fashion, but through all the various grades of society. The nobles of the land, who during the vacation had sought repose and renewed health on their ancestral domains, now exchanged the balmy breezes, rural landscape, and the ever-varying aspects of nature, for the gas-fraughted theatre and the painted canvass—the natural melodies of the birds and the music of the forest for the artificial warblings of *prime donne* and the clangor of the orchestra. The Italian Opera House was then the centre of fashion, and the possession of a private box conferred upon its fortunate owner something akin to a patent of nobility. Here was the true cynosure of the aristocratic beauties of England—hence issued the flats of fashion—here were marriages managed—parties arranged—alliances settled—and diplomatic devices developed. Within these four walls assembled the true congress, composed of the female and male magnates of the earth. It was a spot apart—sacred to the mysteries of the silver-forked members of the great Babylon, into which none but the initiated could hope for admission. The pit was then tenanted by ladies in full dress, and by gentlemen in strict evening costume. But these were days when the etiquette of dress was not deemed macaronic, and when the vulgarities of street life dared not seek entrance into the refined precincts. The subscribers were then suffered to pronounce judgment upon the merits or demerits of the works produced, of the true qualifications of the singers, and the capabilities of the members of the ballet. There were no riotous manifestations got up by persons hired, either by sums of money or an unlimited receipt of admissions, to force the public to countenance meagre talent and immature artistes. No name figured in the bills that had not already received the stamp of authority, that had not previously earned its lyrical laurels—there were no puffs anticipatory—no private rehearsals for the press, to secure beforehand the partial verdict of a jury of journalists—no private boxes were then used as retaining fees to the public advocates. The Italian Opera in those days stood upon its own merits, unswayed by managerial diplomacy, or paid-for praise. The unfledged talent and the future promise of genius were left in their native Italy, to bloom and blossom, and only when fully perfected exhibited here as worthy the patronage of the opera-goer. The crude effort would in those days have been driven from the boards, and the direction been made sensibly to feel the heinousness of the attempt. The incapables of the smaller theatres of the Continent would not have been essayed on that stage consecrated only to the ruling geniuses of the world. The mere attempt to produce such *ensembles* as have been lately witnessed would have met with instant reprehension. Well, these errors were for some seasons persisted in; subscribers complained—the public grumbled—the great artistes naturally suffered from their collision with inferior talents—a chorus inefficient in numbers and without discipline—works produced with an utter disregard to truth of scenery or correctness of costume, would, in the common course of mundane things, produce their inevitable consequence. A total disruption took place. But the quarrels of singers—the complaints of musical directors—the want of temper, and impolicy of managements—it is not our task to dilate upon. Sufficient for the day be the evil thereof; the old Opera-house was abandoned by its ruling stars—the band packed up their instruments and departed—the chorus dispersed, and the manager was left almost alone in his solitude. The long-cherished plan of a second Opera-house, which until then had only existed in *nubibus*, grew into consistency. Covent-Garden, with its hallowed memories of the Kemble dynasty, was taken by the chiefs of the old Opera; the former interior vanished, and a new and brilliant theatre, specially formed for an enlarged rendering of the lyrical art, arose; the celebrities of the ancient theatre joined the ranks, strengthened by recruits of established fame in the mother-land of song; the orchestra, which had been the former stronghold, headed by their own chief, took their places; and even the chorus joined the mighty phalanx. The old *prestige* was quickly passing away, for noble and

aristocratic patrons laboured zealously in the cause of the advanced movement. An impetus was thus given to a more complete interpretation of the high lyrical drama; the wanton lethargy and the dormant energy was now found necessary to be roused, and Mr. Lumley scoured through Europe to fill the voids left by the simultaneous desertion of all the hitherto great attractions. Grisi and Mario, and Persiani and Tamburini and Costa were not to be replaced; an orchestra composed of great instrumentalists, trained by continuous practice, was not to be easily combined; there was "the world before him, where to choose." But Europe was not affluent in commanding talent; the great singers, even those that did exist, were dispersed; a few instrumentalists were found, but when the orchestra was completed, it proved to be thin in tone and ill balanced, and the effect between the past and present was distinguishable to the most uneducated ear. This very foundation of all lyrico-dramatic works proved to be weak, ragged, and unstable. The operatic *troupe* was found to be so inoperative for any enlarged purpose that there was not even a vocalist capable of undertaking the part of Adalgisa. Gardoni was purchased from his former owners, and though young and good-looking, and endowed with an excellent organ, could, admittedly, bear no comparison with Mario. Coletti, a fine artist, though dramatically monotonous, fortunately filled a gap. Madame Montenegri, with an exaggerated style and unsympathetic voice, and Castellan, though an agreeable vocalist, could not weigh with the gorgeous Grisi and the refined Persiani. Lablache, whose engagement bound him to the management, separated from his singing mates appeared to pine amidst the mighty desolation. Many and various have been the reasons assigned for the sudden and entire retreat of all the great artists from the scene of their several well-earned triumphs. Monetary considerations here had no loop to hang a doubt upon; for in a commercial point of view their salaries were secure—their several positions were uncontested—the public received them with its usual enthusiasm up to the last moment of the closing season—and yet, despite of all, they heartily joined in a then new and doubtful speculation, determined unanimously to venture all they had formerly achieved to carry out what they deemed an act of self-justice. Artistes are of peculiar idiosyncrasy—they are the true monarchs of the world, for God has gifted them with genius for the delectation of mankind, and therefore they cannot submit to haughty commands, and the want of warm fellowship. The discipline of an office is repugnant to their natures, and their souls rebel against the merely managerial *dicta*. Kindness and a feeling for art are as necessary to them as the weekly salary. In this dilemma all was doubt and gloom; not a glimpse of sunshine was observable athwart the wide expanse. Suddenly was bruited forth the engagement of the one bright and particular star—Jenny Lind. She came, and for the moment all was light and success. She stood alone in her glory, for not even the smallest satellite could be found to move in the same orbit. The ruin was stayed, and the season finished, as far as Jenny Lind and the treasury were concerned, fortunately. The new season has commenced, but with all the good wishes we entertain for the old opera, we can perceive but small means for ultimate success. Signora Cruvelli is young, and possesses a soprano voice of singular extent, but it lacks power and finish, and her dramatic experience is small. There are the elements to produce a fine singer, but time and assiduous practice are necessary to fit her for the rank thrust upon her inexperience at Her Majesty's Theatre. The old objection remains—we want positive excellence, not promise of excellence. The stage of the Italian Opera is not a school for tyros. The new tenor, Cuzzani, may at once be dismissed. He has neither vocal nor dramatic power, and the public should have been spared the insult of his appearance in the leading character of *Ernani*. As a substitute for poor Corelli he will pass muster, but how the *repertoires* of Tadolini and Lind are to be illustrated by Gardoni alone in the tenor parts, remains to be proven. Of Signor Belletti, who made his first appearance in the character of Roy Gomez di Silva, we cannot but speak in terms of commendation; he possesses a fine, rich, well-cultivated voice, of perfect flexibility, and will form a very good substitute for Staudigl, who has not joined the *troupe* this season. Thus, anything approaching to completeness in the works produced in the present state of the *troupe* can scarcely be anticipated. Jenny Lind may remain an absorbing attraction, but the experience of the star system has proved that this cannot be secured. The ballet is, as usual, to be the grand support; thus the lower art takes precedence of the loftier, but the passion for choregraphy has cooled, for during the past season ruling favourites, who were wont to call down showers of floral offerings, were literally left to *pirouette* and exhibit their well-poised limbs to vacant boxes, empty stalls, and scattered pits. The theatre opened with the unpopular *Ernani*, and a very pretty new ballet. The audience was of a mixed nature, and bore intrinsic evidence of being packed for the purpose.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Whatsoever may be the conflicting opinions of the advantages of free trade in commercial affairs, there can be no question as to its beneficial results on art. The antiquated dogmas of prescribed rights and special privileges, and peculiar monopolies, do not, and should not, apply to the free cultivation of the broad lands peopled by the muses. It is a received principle in political economy that the demand of the market inevitably produces the material required; and we may set it down as incontestable, that had not a second Italian opera-house become necessary, that a second Italian opera-house would never have been thought of. Without suffering ourselves to be heated into partizanship, and feeling ourselves actuated alone by the desire for the perfection of the lyrical drama, we cannot but recognise the benefits that have already arisen from the rivalry of the two houses. The efforts of the Royal Italian Opera have stimulated the old property to a more vigorous action, and an enlarged view of the true objects of such institutions. The wretched system has by this very collision been departed from, not from any views in which the public was concerned, but by feelings of self-defence. The array of strength set forth in the programme is beyond former precedent. Each and every point is affluently provided for—there are great *prime donne* for the due rendering of the most opposite schools of music—Grisi, Persiani, Alboni, and Viardot Garcia—not to mention Stefanoni, Corbari, and others. Tenors have multiplied, and basses and barytones quadrupled; and great as was the instrumental force of last season, it has been strengthened. The great works of Meyerbeer are to be given under the guidance of the illustrious composer, and the last new opera of Scribe, with the great French tenor, Roger, in his original part, is to be produced under the superintendence of the gifted Auber. Alboni having achieved a series of successes in Paris, will combine with her former popularity the prestige of her triumphs in the French capital. Various important improvements have taken place in the audience portion of the house, which will materially contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of the public. *Spectacle*, which forms so ruling a feature in the great operas of Glück and Meyerbeer, will here find ample verge and scope; this is a vast advantage which the stage of the Royal Italian Opera House possesses over its rival. Though the current outlay will necessarily be enormous, we feel convinced that the patronage will be commensurate with the greatness of the undertaking; for we have an abiding faith in the theatrical proverb, that "money thrown from the window always returns by the doors."

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

This ill-fated theatre has at length closed its short and eventful season. The rich hopes that were entertained of establishing a national opera-house have been dispersed, not for want of a sincere desire in the public to foster the intent, but from a series of accidents, and want of the necessary managerial experience. That M. Jullien has energy few will deny, but this very energy carried to an imprudent excess is peculiarly dangerous in theatrical affairs. His views have been Utopian, and as it would seem, his pecuniary means insufficient to meet the current expenditure. An overwhelming company was injudiciously engaged, which, though excessive in numbers, was singularly weak in talent; with the exception of Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Dorus Gras, and Miss Miran—the rest were comparative failures—the slightest accidents were unprovided for, and the one opera which really succeeded, the *Bride of Lammermoor*, was put aside in the very flush of its great triumph, to give place to a second-rate opera by Balfe. Thus bad began, but worse remained behind; the introduction of a comic pantomime was a material blunder; without adding the engagement of two gentlemen to write and produce it, both of whom were totally inexperienced in this peculiar class of composition. A large outlay was thus incurred without the slightest chance of a profitable return. For want of time and tact the affair was a signal failure; and then came the opera of *Linda di Chamouni*, a work for the due interpretation of which first-rate artists are absolutely necessary, presented by debutants wanting in the simplest rudiments of stage knowledge, and vocally inefficient in all and every respect. The chorus was found to be too numerous at the expiration of the first week for the treasury, and a large portion on the spot was cashiered; while the leading instrumentalists left the theatre to accompany M. Jullien in his provincial concert tour. Thus the

establishment, which had commenced so prosperously, fast lost its interest and its certainty, when, to crown the ruin, Madame Dorus Gras refused longer to sing, because the manager had, by the non-payment of her salary, broken his contract. Letters *pro* and *con*. appeared in the public journals, the result of which was to cast fresh discredit on the theatre. Various reports were soon in circulation, casting doubts on the solvency of the manager; so many accidents and offences were sufficient to sink an argosy. The public yet owe M. Jullien gratitude for the engagement of Mr. Sims Reeves, certainly the most accomplished tenor the English stage has ever produced. To a voice of power, richness, and extension, he unites musical knowledge, dramatic experience, and passionate feeling. We had sanguinely hoped that with such a tenor as Reeves, with a contralto like Miss Miran, and with the ultimate chance of securing the celebrated soprano, Miss Hayes, who is delighting the dilettanti of Italy, that a national opera was within our grasp. Are these hopes all to fade into thin air? Will no other attempt be made? That the public is anxious for a national opera-house is certain; the elements for its success are experience, prudence, and a well-considered liberality. One of the prominent features of the season was the engagement of the distinguished *feuilletoniste* and composer, M. Hector Berlioz. This gentleman is one of the most learned musical critics of the age; his essays on the art are signalised by profound knowledge and a piquancy of manner and style *sui generis*. The opinions are conflicting of his genius as a composer, though few, if any, have questioned the advances he has made in orchestral effect, and his knowledge of the constitution and peculiar powers of the various instruments. At his grand concert, specimens of his best works were given, but from their novelty of construction and style it would be hazardous to pronounce upon a single hearing an opinion of their innate value. They are principally distinguished by an absence of rhythm, and the seeking to express, by musical means, the loftiest aspirations of the poet, and the representation by sounds of metaphysical thoughts. "Harold in Italy," a symphony, is somewhat vague and unseizable, though many novel combinations are happily carried out, and a march of pilgrims singing the evening hymn to the Madonna has unquestionably high merit. An Hungarian March, founded on a national melody, is instrumented with great skill. A lyrical drama, entitled *Faust*, is more within the usual method of musical composition. The intellectual qualities, and the deep seeking into the secrets of nature, and the yearning and discontented spirit of Faust are embodied in dramatic recitative; while an original air of diablerie is imparted to Mephistopheles totally unlike the delevries of Weber or Meyerbeer. A chorus and dance of sylphs are exquisite. But we must hear more of the music of Hector Berlioz ere we are enabled to pronounce judgment upon his claims to take his position amongst the masters of the art.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

An unbroken stream of success has set in since the production of Mr. Lovell's play, *The Wife's Secret*. No other proof need be adduced in corroboration that dramas of merit, interpreted by good *artistes*, never fail to secure the patronage of the public. It has become a sort of fashion to insist on the decadence of the general taste for theatrical amusements—to indulge in rhetorical quasi-despondency, upon the want of due illustrators, and numberless other complaints, the tendencies of which serve but to cast a doubt upon the healthfulness of this most delightful art. Let us rather seek for proofs of its vitality, of its power for good, of its directness in stimulating to virtuous action, and of its corrective moral agency. If the play be honest in its purpose, if the sentiments be elevated by poetical figures, if the characters be naturally drawn, and the interest comes home to the "business and feelings" of man, there is but little cause ever to fear a failure. *The Wife's Secret*, although not of the loftiest order of the poetical drama, is free from common-place, and is peculiarly distinguished by the natural flow of its incidents, and the clearness and smoothness of its versification. The ruling characters stand out in bold relief, and the lesser agents, though unobtrusive, are vital to the thorough perfection of the story. The character delineated by Mr. Charles Kean is admirably adapted to his peculiar powers—the somewhat rugged and spasmodic starts of passion, the quickly-recurring faith and doubt, the bursts of passionate agony, and the succeeding calm, are just the means suited to his style. There is also a perfect appreciation of the poetical bearings, the result of a careful scholarship, and sufficient physical energy for the more palpable points of the character. Sir Walter Amyott is one of his completest illustrations. Mrs. Charles Kean may be justly considered as the Miss O'Neil of the actual stage; there is the same melting tenderness, the same pathetic voice, a similar gentleness

of demeanour, the same moral dignity, the same deep intensity. Like her great predecessor, she is never tempted into turgidity or exaggeration. There is always the assurance to the auditor that his taste will not be outraged, nor his sense of the natural offended. Indeed, the play, in all its bearings, is admirably delineated. The wily steward, with his Puritanical cant and fell hypocrisy, is graphically exhibited by Mr. Webster; as is the quaint assumption and hearty goodness of the chamber-woman by clever Mrs. Keeley. The applause increases in fervency upon each representation; and thus the satisfaction is mutually shared between author, manager, actors, and the public.

SURREY THEATRE.

Bunn, like Louis Philippe, has abdicated, but we are happy to add, unlike the late King of the Barricade, with the regret of his subjects. His reign was prosperous, his ministers respected, and the budget satisfactory. He has vacated his throne with all honour, accompanied by the thanks of the house. Was the realm too confined for his capacious mind, and does he now but repose to gain renewed vigour for future victories? The mind of Bunn a prey to inaction would suffer from repletion; the sword would eat away the scabbard. His indomitable energy and managerial tact must ere long find ample verge and scope for exertion. Mrs. Davidge is now the manager, for fortunately the Salique law prevails not here. The new bills display an array of new names and new dramas, which may perhaps create a new impetus, for good novelty is the only trump card in the theatrical pack. The theatre has been doing well, and promises even to increase in attraction.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.

The novelty of the month at this admirably-conducted theatre has been Sheridan Knowles's play of *The Wrecker's Daughter*, originally produced at Drury Lane. The incidents are purely melo-dramatic, though the author has sought to elevate them by the introduction of poetical embroidery. This, however, but tends to produce a mixed feeling which sensibly detracts from the interest of the drama. Mrs. Warner enacts the character which she originally sustained with the same power and refinement that signalised her earlier effort. Nothing can exceed the admirable style in which the piece has been placed upon the stage. The church-scene has infinite propriety; and the view of the ocean, with the foaming breakers, is artistically managed. A quaint farce called *Invisible Green*, from the successful pen of John Oxenford, has been acted. The principal character, which gives the title, is never seen, and the humour grows out of the anger of an old gentleman being excited by never being able to encounter the desired personage. It is smartly written, and has abundance of epigrammatic salt.

EXETER HALL.

Mr. Hullah and his pupils are rivalling in attraction the Sacred Harmonic Society. If the truth must be spoken, the execution is much more perfect, and the *ensemble* more satisfactory in every respect. Want of the necessary rehearsals in the choral masses, the mixed nature of the orchestra, and the want of decision in the conductor has tended to keep the old institution in its normal state of half-doing. Mr. Hullah has the advantage of a full command over his people, and hence results an almost perfect combination. The last work performed was Handel's glorious heroic musical poem, "*Judas Maccabeus*," one of the greatest works of the immortal composer. The beauty of the melodies, the individuality of the personages, the dramatic power of the recitatives, and the mixture of sublimity, martial feeling, and jubilancy of the chorus, places it next in rank to the "*Israel in Egypt*." Independently, however, of its innate excellence, the announcement that Mr. Sims Reeves was to appear for the first time as an exponent of Handel attracted an immense audience. Great as was the reputation achieved by this vocalist as a dramatic singer, however unanimous was the opinion of his fine voice, and purity of style as an interpreter of the operatic schools, many persons doubted his qualification to fill the void which had for half a century been so magnificently occupied by Braham. Every attempt since the abdication of the Nestor of Song was listened to with a sort of respectful patience. His followers lacked voice and power,

and were utterly ignorant of the Handelian traditions. There was no hope that a new prophet would arise in Israel. The various qualifications necessary for a perfect fulfilment of the task were so numerous and varied that the most sanguine despaired. A correspondent interest and anxiety was the result; and the aim, though full of a worthy ambition, was reached triumphantly. The effect was simultaneous as it was profound; upon the first enunciation of the recitative "Tis well, my friends," there was at once apparent a thorough appreciation, not alone of the style of the music, but of the biblical character, and when his clear tones pealed through the hall like the pipes of an organ in the air "Call forth thy powers," every breath of the multitude was hushed in awed stillness, that no vibration might be lost; but at its close, the delight broke forth in sounds of rapture. There was no longer fear, doubt, or hesitation, for added to the splendour of voice was the true devotional feeling and the lofty heroism. The recitative in the second act, "Thanks to my brethren," and the accompanying air, "How vain is man," was exquisitely rendered; but the crowning triumph, which obliterated from the memory all former efforts, was the famous "Sound an alarm," the full, resonant voice rushed forth like a cataract, filling every echo, reverberating in its might and stirring the very souls of the auditory to deeds of martial fame. The effect was overwhelming; the public seemed for the moment transfixed—the excitement was fearful, for never before was there so perfect a transfusion of the poetry, the music, and the martial energy. The Jewish hero stood forth in his holy might and martial potency, ready to deal ruin and devastation on the Roman foe. The scene was vividly brought before us, as if we had been living spectators, and some time elapsed ere we cooled down to a calm sobriety of feeling. Loud and continuous demonstrations of enthusiastic delight followed this splendid interpretation of one of the finest inspirations of Handel. In the third act of this great work occurs the recitative "Sweet flow the strains," full of the happy feeling of a duty well done, and the fine air, with trumpet obligato, "With honour." These were given with no abatement of the beauty and power of the former essays. Mr. Sims Reeves has now gained the topmost round of vocal eminence—the true and fervid interpretation of Handel was alone required to place him as the greatest and the most conscientious tenor now living. His vocal means, his musical knowledge, deep feeling, clear conception, and natural development of the sensuous as well as the very highest school of music, bear us out in our well-weighed and carefully-considered opinion. The choruses were admirably executed, and the various points attacked with firmness and precision.

LINDSAY SLOPER'S PIANOFORTE SOIREE.

If we may form an opinion of the extending appreciation of this accomplished musician from the attendance at his first *ré-union*, we may place him foremost in the rank of the popular performers of the day. In these days of exaggerated pianism, when digital difficulties would seem to supersede musical feeling; when the instrument which was wont to interpret the beautiful thoughts of the poet-musician, is now made too often the medium to give forth the crude and wild sounds of a sort of musical orgie—when sense is sacrificed to noise, and the eyes to be astonished rather than the harmonic sense, it was delightful and reposeful to listen to the legitimate productions selected for the entertainment and the instruction of his patrons by Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Discarding the "tight-rope school" of performance, so much the vogue amongst the tasteless and the ill instructed, eschewing the Leopold Meyerisms, and the pseudo-marvels of the Hungarian professors, Lindsay Sloper is content to make the piano serve its legitimate purpose; the greatest difficulties are achieved, unerringly and gracefully—the touch is round and limpid, and the adagios and movements of pathos are sustained with "a lengthened sweetness long drawn out," which at once appeals to the true feelings, and lingers sweetly on the musical ear. His playing is distinguished by exceeding delicacy of shading, refinement of sentiment, mechanical dexterity, equality of tone, and unflinching execution. The performance consisted of examples from Mendelssohn, Bach, Chopin, and introduced for the first time in this country a gigue and passacaglia in D minor, by Couperin, the organist of Louis XV.; which was deservedly encored. Lindsay Sloper was assisted by Messrs. Willy, Hill, and Hausmann, in Bach's sonata in C minor, and Mendelssohn's quartet in E minor. The *ensemble* was perfect. Miss Dolby sang songs by Mendelssohn and Lindsay Sloper, which were given with charming effect. These *soirées* are delightful from their intrinsic merits, and keep the true music lover *au courant* with the best writers of the best schools.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.

The juvenile Harpists, Adolphus, Ernest, and Fanny Lockwood, gave their first concert on the 17th of February. There are but few instances within our memory of such wonderful musical precocity as was exhibited on this occasion. These interesting children not only possess an extraordinary musical organisation, but execute with facility passages of great difficulty; the tone elicited is at once round and brilliant, and their power over the use of the pedal is marvellous when we perceive that the action is produced by such tiny feet. No symptom is visible that the talent has been ripened by forcing or undue practice; it would rather seem a simultaneous volition, and like the famous poet "they lisp in numbers, for the numbers come." Their feeling for rhythm is natural; and what is unusual, even with adult performers, these remarkable children are strict timeists. There is not the slightest hesitancy, and they play with a unity of purpose and accomplishment that removes at once from the ear, if not from the sight, that they are mere infants. The talent is as delightful as it is singular and unapproachable. Their execution of a trio entitled "Tribute to Scotland," introducing popular Scottish melodies, is ingeniously constructed, and was executed with great sweetness and brilliancy. Their second performance was a grand trio, the theme of which was the admired melody "Pestal," with variations; but the chief *tour de force* was a grand finale quartet on four harps, in which were woven together with remarkable taste and skill, the most inspiring dance-music, the ruling theme being given by the celebrated harpist Gerhard Taylor, under whose tuition these gifted children are receiving their instruction. The juvenile artists were greatly and deservedly applauded. Many of our best vocal artists assisted.

COLOSSEUM.

There is no city of Europe that can boast of such a *congerie* of attractions, for no other city of Europe could command the enormous outlay induced by such a mighty establishment; its Hall of Statues is a perfect pantheon of all the beautiful statuary created by the antique Greek or the modern sculptor. Scarcely is the eye regaled by this phalanx of art, and the heart bettered by the contemplation of the lofty ideal, than the wildness and sublimity, and the pastoral rudeness of untutored nature, is present to us in the mountain scenery of Switzerland. Then there are the floral exotics, burthening the very atmosphere with their delicious aroma; and last, though assuredly not least, the marvellous pictorial illusion of London by Night. This is a master-piece, unapproachable in its vastness and its truthfulness.

ADELAIDE GALLERY.

Laurent's Casino remains, in spite of all attempts at rivalry, the nucleus of the art salutory. Here nightly assemble the votaries of polka, mazourka, cellarius, and quadrille—here is the true shrine at which the young of both sexes seek a rational, a pleasurable, and a healthful excitement. Let not the cynic raise his brow with contempt, nor the Puritan snuffle forth his pious indignation at the merry dance, and the exhilarating sounds of the orchestra. The wisest, and therefore the greatest, men in ancient and modern annals have affected the pleasures of the dance. David danced before the ark; and according to Plato the planets dance to the music of the spheres. Sir Christopher Hatton, a minister of good Queen Bess, was the prime dancer of the court, and Lord Brougham and Vaux is ever dancing about the floor of the House, to the great delectation of his brother peers. To the middle classes the Casino is a real boon, and in our murky climate, where out-of-door amusements cannot be indulged, no more delightful spot can be found than Laurent's Casino. The etiquette is stringent, the refreshments good and cheap, the orchestra brilliant, and the selection of the music denotes a refined taste.

LITERARY MIRROR.

THE PEASANT AND HIS LANDLORD. By the Baroness Knorring. Translated by Mary Howitt. In two volumes. London: Bentley.

There are in these volumes many passages of infinite beauty, and throughout a powerful moral is intended to be conveyed to the heart of the reader. It exemplifies how a man naturally disposed to good may resist evil, and be led to the performance of many noble actions. His passions are powerful, and he is thus at last in a heated moment betrayed into a crime, which his life must be the penalty of. Yet we do not despise the murderer, we look back upon the long train of evils which has led him to the commission of the crime. His fallen wife forced upon him by the Squire, who afterwards meets with death at his hands; the happy prospect of what he might have been continually before his eyes; the child which bears his name, and yet is not his own,—all these circumstances we say conspire to move our pity for the unfortunate man, who suffers throughout the novel, with only distant glimpses of happiness.

Elin, the young heroine, is a very beautiful character, who throughout maintains her spotless innocence and purity of feeling, though she turns aside in her heart by nourishing a love for the married Gunnar. He does not seek to tempt her; they both see and understand each other's feelings—each knows that the other is beloved, but each respects the other; and thus throughout, in the wildest moments of passion, in the agony of an eternal separation, they remain pure. To love another when once married is never excusable; but if ever it was excusable, it was so in the present instance. Lena, though prudent and thrifty, and to a certain extent attached to her husband, could never be looked upon by him as the pure and spotless partner of his home. He could not regard her otherwise than as a guilty thing forced upon him by circumstances, bound to him against his own will. His character, however, is even in respect to her admirably worked out. He is never harsh, but treats her gently, if not tenderly; never speaks unkindly, but looks on her more as a good honest housekeeper than as his cherished wife. To understand the whole beauties of the book it must be read; we therefore recommend it strongly to our readers' perusal.

THE PARLOUR LIBRARY, VOL. XII.—“Gertrude and Rosa,” and “My Uncle's Library.”

There are in this volume two very remarkable tales, from the pen of a writer of the name of Topffer, who was in every respect an extraordinary man, remarkable for the versatility of his talents. He was the son of a painter, and fully intended to have pursued his father's profession, for which his abilities pre-eminently fitted him; but a misfortune which dimmed his eye-sight took away all hopes of success in this art. He, therefore, turned himself to the pursuit of literature, though as a source of pleasure he still continued to have recourse to painting. In the latest hours of his life, he appears to have sought relief from suffering and pain in this delightful occupation; and he has left behind him many essays and pictures which display his intimate acquaintance with the rules which regulate the art. The work before us displays great ability, and much respect for the highest range of morality. The style is peculiar; we are insensibly reminded while we read of Sterne's “Sentimental Journey.” The narrative is related in the first person throughout. The heroines are two young girls who have eloped from their families—the one deluded by a false marriage by a heartless villain; the other accompanying her in her flight as her friend and adviser, though nearly the same age as herself. Arrived at the town where the principal scenes of the tale are enacted, the false count abandons them to their fate, without money or any resource but selling their jewellery. To protect them from insult and injury now devolves upon the minister of the town, by whom the narrative is related. Their position excites the greatest curiosity; the young girl waits long in expectation of her supposed husband—time flies, and still he comes not. Her spirits droop day after day. She is pursued by the importunities of a villain; and at last, after numerous incidents, she is compelled, with her friend, to take refuge in the house of the minister. There she is safe, but all applications to her family for forgiveness are vain; and at length a child is born, who lives not a moment, and soon after the mother hourly pines away and dies. The events are simple, but are narrated with touching pathos, and produce a powerful effect upon the mind of the reader, who alternately becomes elated and depressed by hopes and fears. Gertrude, her friend, is more fortunate. She is beloved by the son of the clergyman, and is afterwards married to him with the consent of her parents. As a whole, “Rosa and Gertrude” is one of the sweetest tales of the kind we ever remember to have read.